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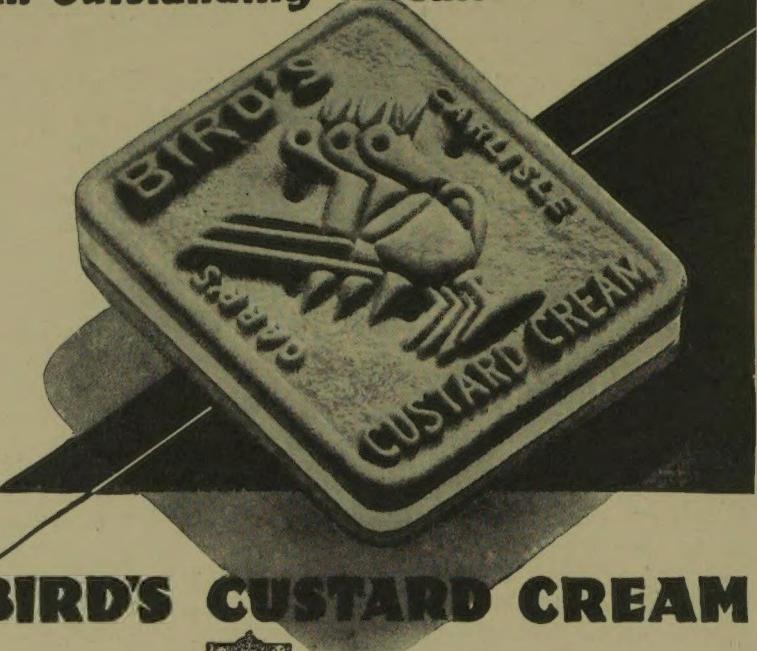
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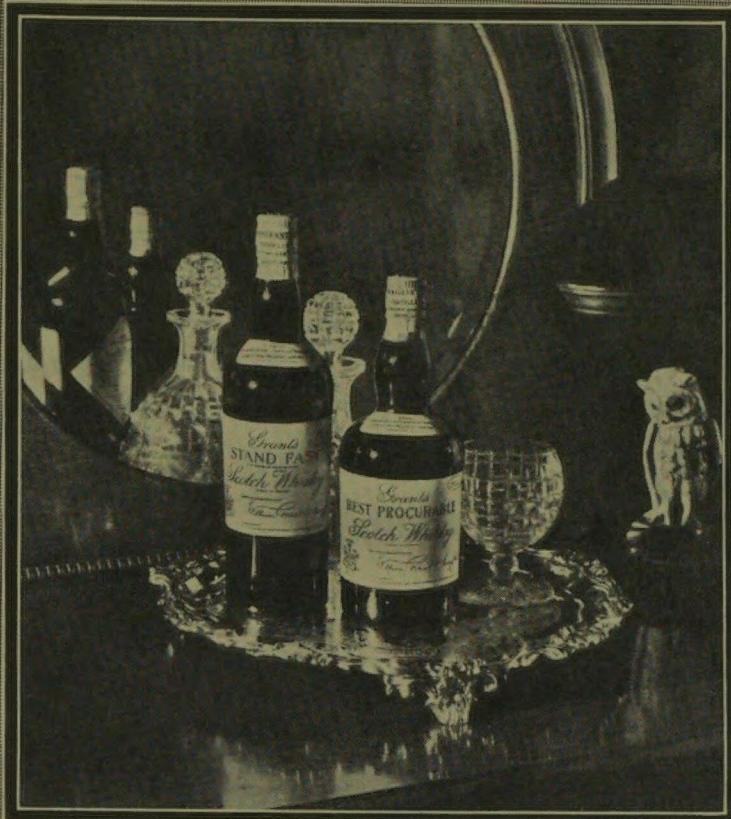


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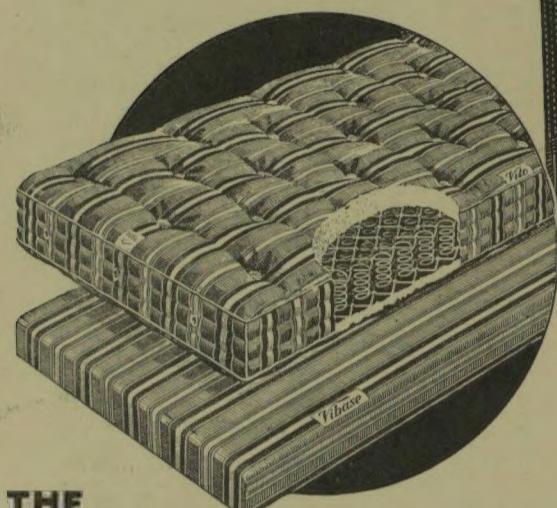
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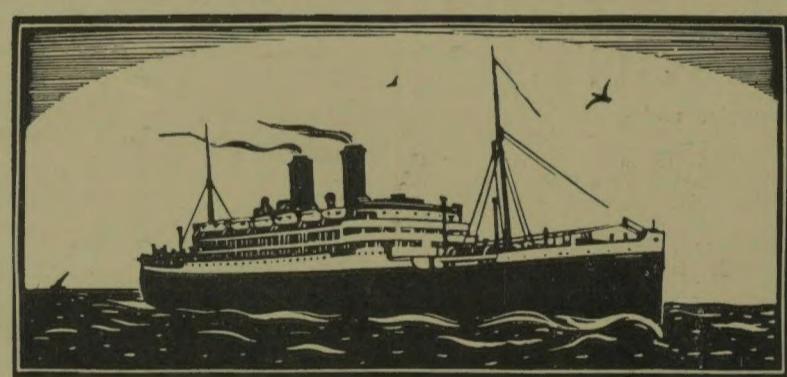
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1933.



"AT THE GOING DOWN OF THE SUN AND IN THE MORNING WE WILL REMEMBER THEM."

On November 11, 1918, the Armistice ended the greatest war in history, and on this day in 1933, the fifteenth anniversary of the Armistice, we again honour the memory of our undying dead. Our thoughts are symbolised in this beautiful and peaceful scene, showing the war memorial

at Étaples, with its Cross of Sacrifice fronting a sunset sea. It recalls the words quoted above from Mr. Laurence Binyon's poem, "For the Fallen," which is reprinted in full among illustrations appropriate to the occasion given on pages 752 and 753 of this number.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HAY WRIGHTSON.

THE WAR ENDS
WHERE IT BEGAN :
MOSCOW ON THE
LAND DAY OF
PROGRESS
BEFORE THE
ARMISTICE—
CANADIANS
HEADLED BY
PIPER ENTERING
THE TOWN
ASSOCIATED WITH THE
RETREAT OF THE
"CONTENDEABLES"
IN 1914.



SCENES BROUGHT TO MIND ON THE WHEN "ENGLAND MOURNS FOR



THE CENTRE OF THE REJOICINGS IN LONDON ON THE FIRST
WITH THE KING AND QUEEN ON THE BALCONY,

GREAT DAY OF REMEMBRANCE, HER DEAD ACROSS THE SEA."



ARMISTICE DAY: THE SCENE OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE,
ON THAT HISTORIC MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1918.



OBEYING THE EIGHTH
TERM OF THE
ARMISTICE
TERMS: A
GERMAN CAR
(CARRYING THE
WHITE FLAG)
CONTAINING
GERMAN
OFFICERS SENT
TO DISCLOSE
THEIR MINES,
PASSING
THROUGH THE
BRITISH LINES.



THE MOST REALISTIC OF LONDON'S MONUMENTS TO THE BRITISH DEAD:
THE ROYAL ARTILLERY MEMORIAL—THE FIGURE OF A GUNNER; SHOWING
THE METHOD OF CARRYING SHELLS.

For the Fallen.

By LAURENCE BINYON, C.H.

WITH proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill; Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle: they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
They fell with their faces to the foe.

By Permission of the Author and the Editor of "The Times";

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labour of the daytime;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the Night;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

from "Collected Poems of Laurence Binyon" (Macmillan.)



THE BRITISH ARTILLERY'S PARTING SHOTS BEFORE THE ORDER "CEASE FIRE" ANNOUNCED THE ARMISTICE:
AN ADVANCED SECTION OF THE R.F.A. FIRING THEIR LAST ROUND AT THE RETREATING GERMANS NEAR MONS;
SHOWING THE OFFICER IN COMMAND (MOUNTED) LOOKING AT HIS WATCH AS THE FATEFUL SECONDS RUN OUT.

THE POEM WHICH THE PRINCE OF
Wales READ DURING THE FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE AND
SATURDAY EVENING,



THE KING AND QUEEN, WITH PRINCESS
DRIVING TO ST. PAUL'S FOR THE
THE ARMISTICE, 1918: CROWDS

IT is fifteen years to-day since the Armistice of November 11, 1918, ended the greatest war on record. As the years go by, the remembrance of the heroic dead does not fade, and to-day once more the nation pauses in its work to do them honour. The arrangements for the observance in London follow the traditional

WALES HAS ARRANGED TO BROADCAST
REMEMBRANCE AT THE ALBERT HALL THIS
NOVEMBER 11.

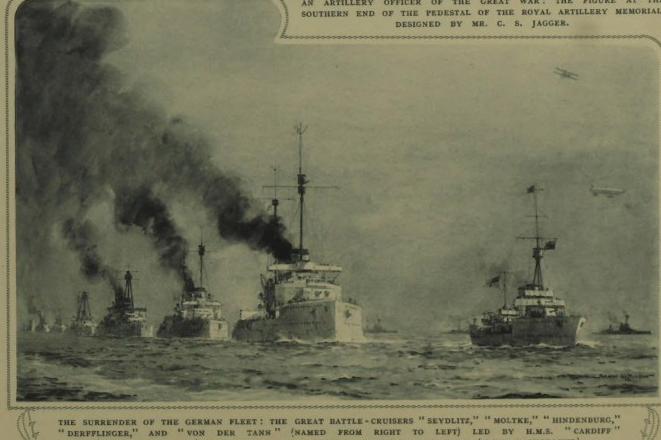


MARY (LATER THE PRINCESS ROYAL)
THANKSGIVING SERVICE ON THE DAY AFTER
ACCLAIMING THEIR MAJESTIES.

lines, with the laying of wreaths at the Cenotaph, led by the King. Then will come the Two Minute Silence, observed throughout the Empire. Here we give some historic scenes associated with the first Armistice Day, together with a famous memorial poem to be broadcast to-night at the Albert Hall by the Prince of Wales.



AN ARTILLERY OFFICER OF THE WAR: THE FIGURE AT THE
SOUTHERN END OF THE PEDESTAL OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY MEMORIAL,
DESIGNED BY MR. C. S. JAGGER.



THE SURRENDER OF THE GERMAN FLEET: THE GREAT BATTLE-CRUISERS "SEUDLITZ," "MOLTKE," "HINDENBURG,"
"DERFELDINGER," AND "VON DER TANN" (NAMED FROM RIGHT TO LEFT) LED BY H.M.S. "CARDIFF"
(RIGHT FOREGROUND) PAST SHIPS OF THE BRITISH 1ST BATTLE SQUADRON (RIGHT BACKGROUND).



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THESE are days, we might say hours, we might even be tempted to say minutes, in which everyone who knows anything of Europe knows it to be near to another crack of doom. That is as far as it is necessary to go here in the direction of political detail. But men differ not only about the detail, but about the whole question of the spirit in which such a situation should be met. There are some who are entirely satisfied with demanding what they generally describe as Deeds not Words; and it generally takes them an interminable number of Words to say very little in the way of defining the Deeds. There are some who, finding themselves in a desperate difficulty, seem to assume that there can be no remedy except a desperate remedy. They choose the remedy solely because it is desperate; and will not even listen to any counsel unless it is a counsel of despair. These, for instance, will generally be found among the enthusiasts who accept universal Communism; their enthusiasm being tinged with euthanasia, and having a sort of sublime savour of suicide. There are others, at the opposite political extreme, who think that everything can be done still by old men bullying young men: by roaring in a raucous voice that all foreigners are fools; or by imagining that they can kick nations as they used to kick niggers. All these various forms of activity, suicide or sweeping destruction, talking very loud about doing something, or threatening something that you cannot possibly do—all these are alike in giving to those indulging in them a deep satisfaction and relaxation of the nerves; a sense that something, at least, is happening to relieve the strain. But I do not believe in any of them myself; and, anyhow, the good they do is only personal and psychological. Whatever else may be said for the methods of these practical men, they are not practical.

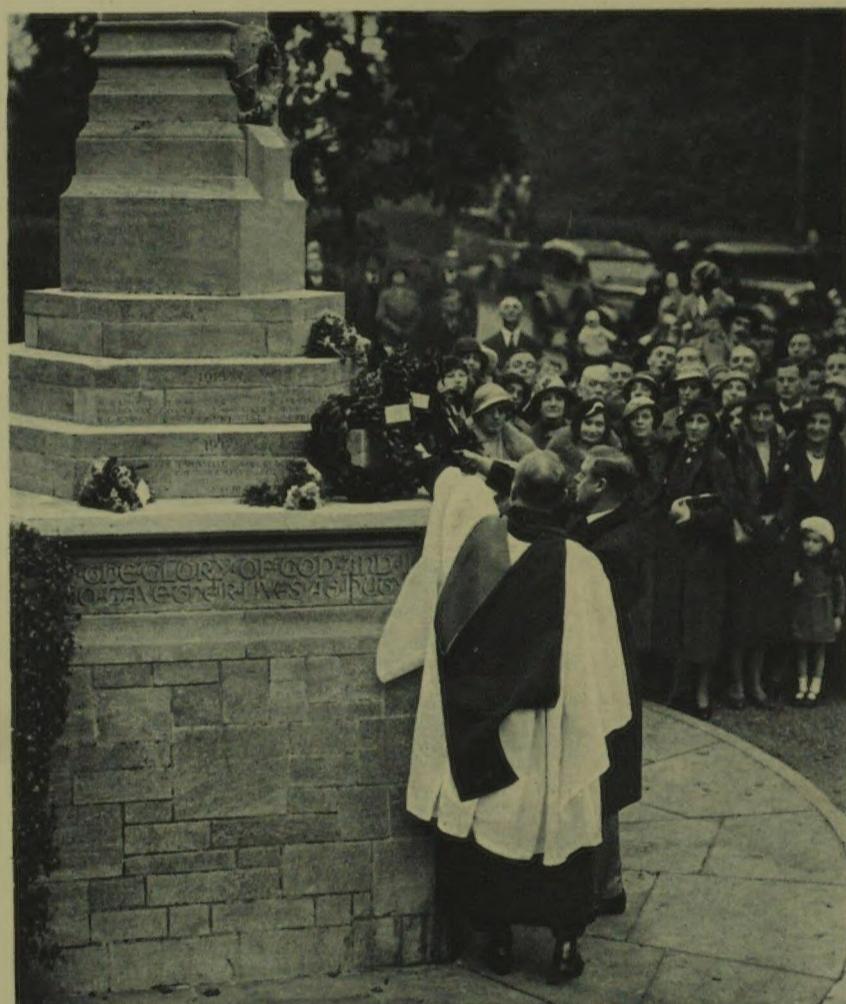
Nevertheless, I know that few will agree with me about the attitude which I think practical. For I have always thought that thinking is practical; thinking up to the very last moment; thinking in the midst of the battle; thinking when everybody is supposed to be acting; and thinking more calmly, more carefully, and more justly, the more acute becomes the practical crisis. Battles are not won by generals saying, "the time has come for action," but by generals thinking closely and logically about the wisest way to act. Shipwrecks are not avoided by doing something, but by doing the right thing. Now the great difficulty about doing the right thing, in the relations between England and Europe, lies in the unfortunate fact that the English have hardly ever thought about Europe at all. They have thought about England, which is entirely commendable; they have thought about Empire, which is at least comprehensible; but the notion of having a really rational and objective and well-informed view of the countries of the Continent is very much rarer in this country than some suppose. When the public mood is not mere indifference, it is a rapidly alternating series of likes and dislikes, or what Matthew Arnold truly called hot fits and cold fits; all of them arising from certain hasty impressions about our own advantage or disadvantage, and none of them founded on anything but newspaper stories, which are very often stories in the nursery rather than the newspaper sense. For these reasons I do not apologise for continuing, even at such a crisis, to discuss the European elements in terms which will seem to the practical people very general, and to very vague people will probably appear very vague.

Nor do I believe in dealing with these things in a literal and mechanical and materialistic manner,

as some frigid internationalists pride themselves on doing. I do not believe in an equality of labels, or imagining that we can turn Switzerland and Japan and France and Mexico and Turkey and Ireland and China into the same sort of thing, merely by issuing the same sort of tickets to delegates at a Conference. I do not believe in measuring armaments as a speedometer measures miles, without any reference to where the motor-car has gone, or why the motorist went there. The problem is a problem of human wills, of human motives and morals, and therefore of human souls. It is the souls of nations that we have, as best we may, to weigh in the balance; to try to be just to them, or even sympathetic with them, but to understand where their spiritual energies diverge from our own, and not to judge them merely by whether they are convenient or inconvenient to our own. It is a difficult thing to do;

times, as it seems to us, with amazing futility; as a French merchant will retire from business and seem to do nothing but play dominoes. But he does not mix up his idleness and his ideals. He does not describe a base or caddish action by saying, "It is not dominoes." He does not say, "The battle of Austerlitz was won with the dominoes of the *Estaminet Des Apéritifs*." He does not confuse dominoes with domination. On the other hand, he has the faults of his own culture: the faults of a country specially favourable to the Peasant and the small shopkeeper. He has his own kind of selfishness, his own kind of materialism, and all the rest. I am English, and I am on the side of the French; but I like to recognise these things first, before attempting to summarise what is really wrong with the other side.

Now, it always seems to me that what is wrong with the Germans is hysteria. People may even think it a paradox; because Germans are generally heavy and stodgy, while Italians shout and yell and throw plates. But Italians are not in the least hysterical; they are only angry. Any doctor will tell you that hysteria is deepest when it is secret and silent; that is, when it is a sort of permanent sulks. It is a curious sort of sensitiveness and brooding, which breaks out intermittently as bragging. But the brooding and the bragging have both that sort of egoism and self-pity which are almost a medical disease. For some reason or other, the Germans, in many ways so genial and hospitable and human, have encouraged in themselves this deleterious sentimentalism. Whether they lay too long under the shadow of French energy, and developed what is now called an inferiority complex; or whether it has something to do with their being at their very greatest in the one great art that appeals more directly to the emotions than the reason, music; or whether it is simply some childish phase of an incomplete civilisation, I do not know. But I am sure the thing is there, and a permanent fountain of tears and blood, not always only their own. And, worst of all, to this misfortune is added another, which fits in with it only too well. The Prussian, who is not a German, but some sort of part-Slav, has somehow managed by sheer insolence to get himself accepted by the simple Germans as a sort of military mascot; like the goat or other beast of the field which marches with some regiment in our own Army. The Germans have got it into their heads that this goat will always lead them to victory. They do not seem to be at all affected by the fact that he last led them to an appalling defeat. But that is where the secret hysteria comes in. They cannot bear to call a defeat a defeat, or use it as an argument even to their own advantage; because it spoils the secret dream on which such megalomaniacs live. When the Prussian gets at the German, and drugs him with an extra dose of all that produces this dream, the German becomes something altogether outside reason. As I said, the labels merely shifted from one nation to another mean very little. Mussolini, at the crisis, may crush all public criticism; but he knows perfectly well that Italians go on being critical. But Germans suddenly lose the faculty of criticism; and, above all, of self-criticism. They are the ever-victorious; the emperors of their own imperial imagination; towering triumphant over all the inconvenient facts of history. One of the greatest of the Germans, in the days when they had small kingdoms and great men, wrote the words, "God has given to the French the land; and to the English the sea; and to the Germans the clouds."



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT SUNNINGDALE PARISH CHURCH ON ARMISTICE SUNDAY: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PLACING A WREATH OF POPPIES ON THE VILLAGE WAR MEMORIAL IN THE CHURCHYARD.

On Armistice Sunday, November 5, the Prince of Wales, who was spending the week-end at his country home, Fort Belvedere, attended a united Armistice Service held in the Sunningdale Parish Church during the afternoon; and, as a resident of Sunningdale, he read the Roll of Honour of the village, standing at the foot of the altar steps to do so, and saying at the end: "They died leaving us a great example." Before entering the church, he inspected a Guard of Honour mounted by local branches of the British Legion, and afterwards he went into the churchyard and placed a wreath of poppies on the War Memorial. This bore the inscription: "In Memory.—Edward P."

but the alternative to difficulty is disaster. It requires imagination; that most strenuous and staggering sort of imagination which can see what is really there, where a weaker imagination always sees its own image everywhere.

The first difficulty is that, in feeling the true atmosphere of foreign nations, it is so easy to fall into the habit of only comparing them unfavourably with our own nation. It will be well, before criticising another people, to make it a sort of religious exercise to remember what could be said against our own people. Nearly all of it is connected with a sort of abuse of fancy; a fairytale of play. That is what is meant by saying that we take our play too seriously; we should like to think that it is the whole of life. Other nations amuse themselves; and some-

THE PRINCESS ROYAL OPERATED ON FOR REMOVAL OF THE APPENDIX.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SPEAGHT.

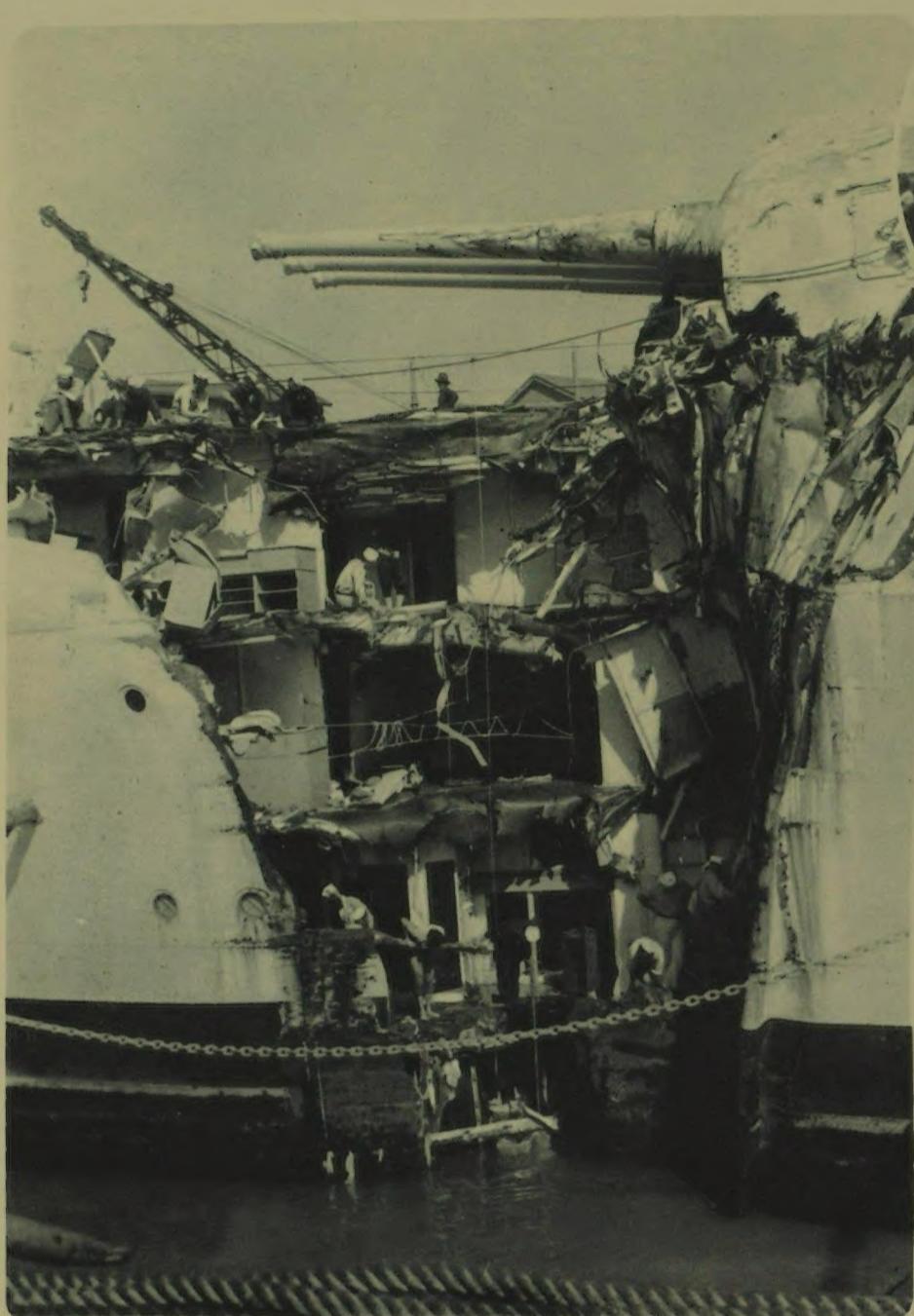


H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL (COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD), ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE KING AND QUEEN.

A bulletin issued on November 7, from 32, Green Street, W.1., the London residence of the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood, read: "The Princess Royal underwent an operation this morning for the removal of the appendix. Her Royal Highness is so far doing well. (Signed) Crisp English, Stanley Hewett, L. F. R. Knuthsen, Francis Shipway, Dawson of Penn." The Princess had not been in her usual good health for some time. As the only daughter of their Majesties the King and Queen, she had had many public duties to perform, and there can be no doubt that the strain told. Last August she was compelled to cancel all engagements and rest at Harewood House, forbidden

by her doctors to participate in any ceremony for a month or two. She returned to London recently, and on November 1 was present at the Stock Exchange Amateur Dramatic Society's presentation of "The Nelson Touch." Last Sunday, accompanied by her husband, she dined at Buckingham Palace with the King and Queen. It will be recalled that she was born on April 25, 1897; and that her marriage to the sixth Earl of Harewood, then Viscount Lascelles, took place on February 28, 1922. Her elder son, George Henry Hubert, Viscount Lascelles, was born on February 7, 1923; and her younger son, the Hon. Gerald David Lascelles, on August 21, 1924.

OCCASIONS AND ACCIDENTS AT SEA: MARITIME NEWS OF THE WEEK.



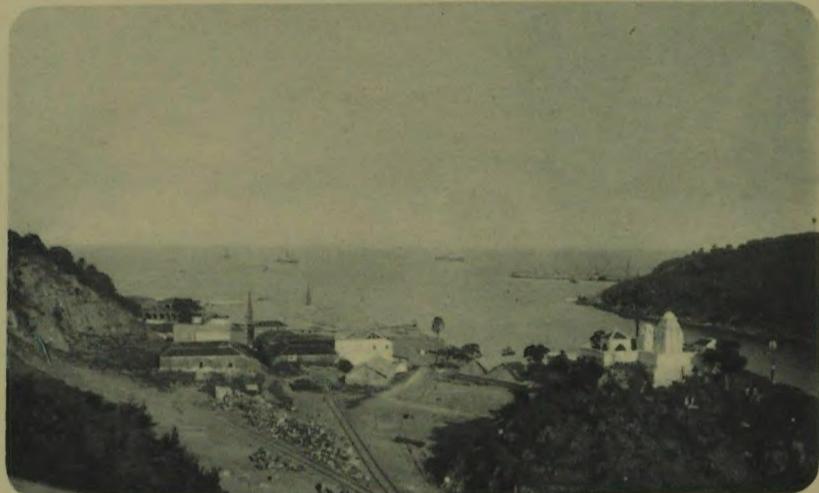
THE DAMAGE THAT A CARGO MOTOR-SHIP CAN DO TO A WAR-SHIP WITH A THREE-INCH BELT OF ARMOUR: FIVE DECKS ON THE PORT SIDE OF THE 9300-TON U.S. CRUISER "CHICAGO" LAID BARE BY A COLLISION.

The British cargo motor-ship "Silverpalm" collided with the U.S. cruiser "Chicago" on October 24 in a dense fog off Point Sur, ninety miles south of San Francisco. The "Chicago" was on her way from San Pedro to San Francisco, and was able to proceed under her own power to the Navy Yard at Mare Island at a speed of twelve knots. The "Silverpalm," struck the cruiser on her port side and penetrated the vessel nearly to her middle line—an astonishing amount of damage considering the armour-plated hull of the war-ship. Three of her officers were killed in their cabins; but there were no injuries on the British ship. The "Silverpalm," it was reported, was later seized by the U.S. Government, and a guard placed over her. On the other hand, the owners of the "Silverpalm," the Silver Line, filed a claim for £30,000, based on the allegation that a proper watch was not being kept in the "Chicago." The "Chicago" is a heavy cruiser of the "Augusta" class, displacing 9300 tons and completed in March 1931.



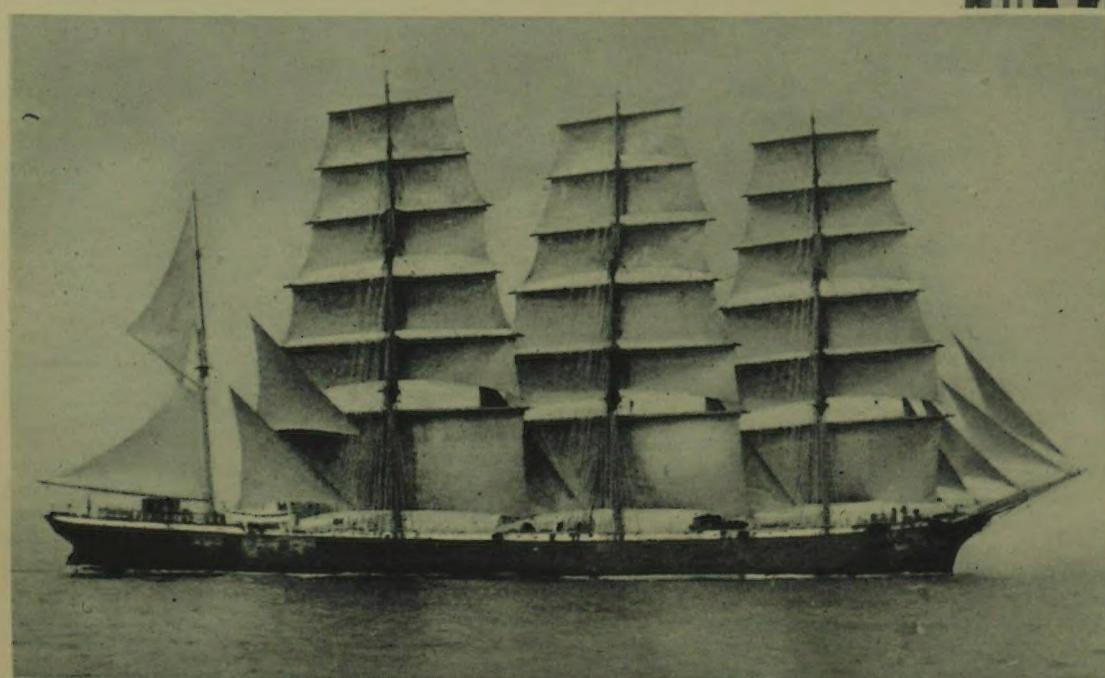
THE SINKING OF THE "YASHIMA MARU" OFF KOBE, WHEN TWO BRITISH WOMEN AND MANY JAPANESE WERE DROWNED: THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER (X).

On October 20 the 947-ton Japanese steamer "Yashima Maru" capsized and sank in a typhoon three miles off the island of Suma, near Kobe. Two British women, Mrs. E. J. Prevost and Mrs. Milner-Barry, wives of officers in the aircraft-carrier "Eagle," now at Beppu, Kiushu, were among the many drowned. Of the 117 persons on board the "Yashima Maru," fifty-seven were reported missing, and nine were known to be dead.



THE NEW HARBOUR AT VIZAGAPATAM, SOUTH INDIA; WITH A BREAKWATER COMPOSED OF TWO SCUTTED MERCHANT SHIPS (RIGHT BACKGROUND).

The new landlocked harbour at Vizagapatam, Madras, was opened for traffic, our correspondent informs us, on October 7, when it had been in contemplation for more than thirty years. The breakwater is 1000 feet long and is composed of two merchant ships scuttled on the south side of the entrance channel to protect it from a heavy sand drift. Huge boulders were dumped along the weather side to protect the hulls.



THE MYSTERY OF THE "PARMA": THE FAMOUS FOUR-MASTED BARQUE, RECORD-BREAKER OF THE GRAIN RACE, WHICH IS MISSING.

It is possible that the Finnish four-masted barque "Parma," which for two years in succession won the Grain Race from Australia to England, making a record passage this year, may provide another mystery of the sea. Since she sailed for Australia in September, nothing has been heard of her; and on October 28 the body of a seaman, which had apparently been in the water for about a month, wearing a life-belt of the "Parma," was washed up on the beach at Deauville. Our readers will recall the photographs and article on the "Parma" in our issue of August 5.

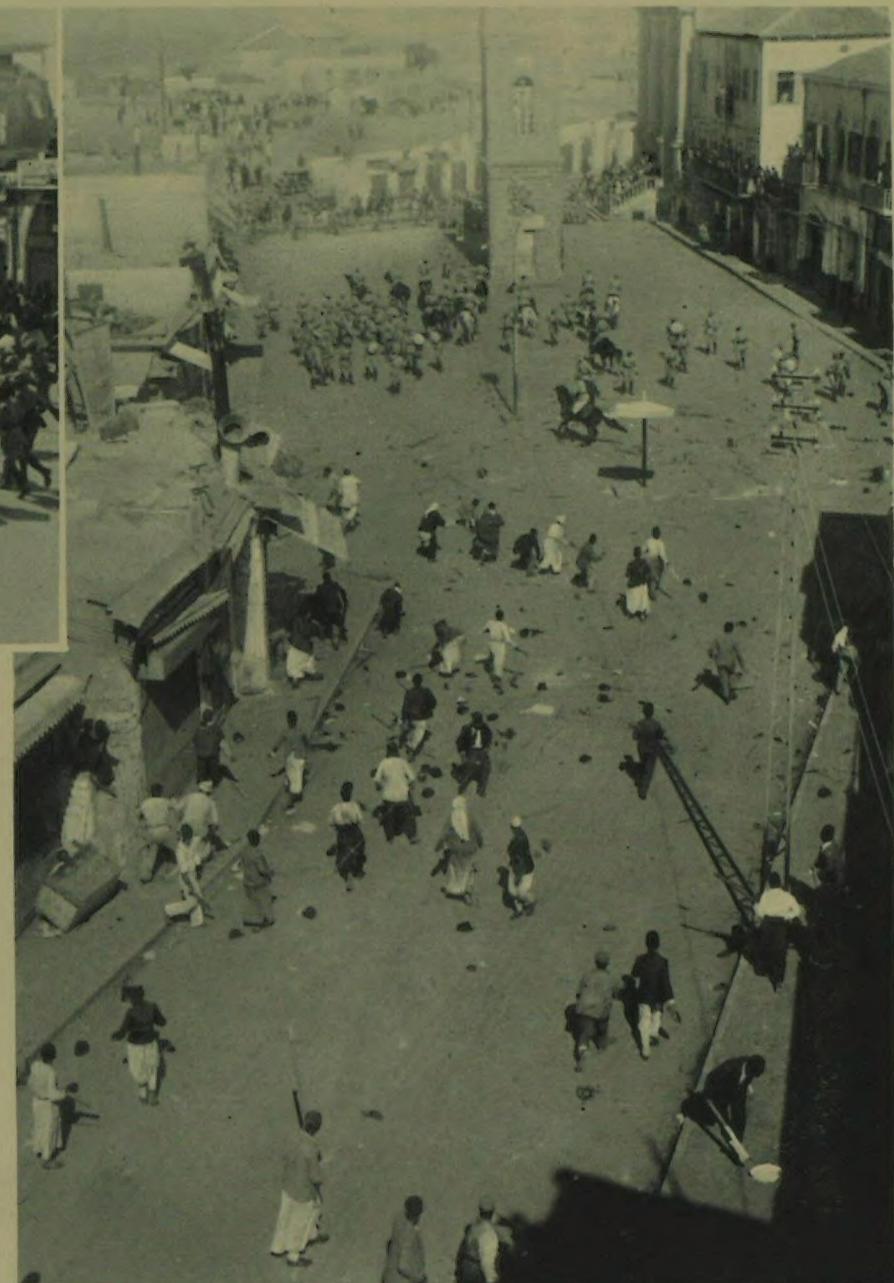
THE LAUNCH OF THE S.S. "ARCWEAR": A NEW TYPE OF STEAMER CLAIMED TO BE THE MOST ECONOMICAL OF HER KIND.

The first of Sir Joseph Isherwood's new "Arcform" type of steamer was launched at Short Brothers' shipyard, Sunderland, on November 2, and was named the "Arcwear" by Lady Isherwood. She has a new form of hull design, and is estimated to steam for a day at nine knots on 11½ tons of coal. She is of 7000 tons.

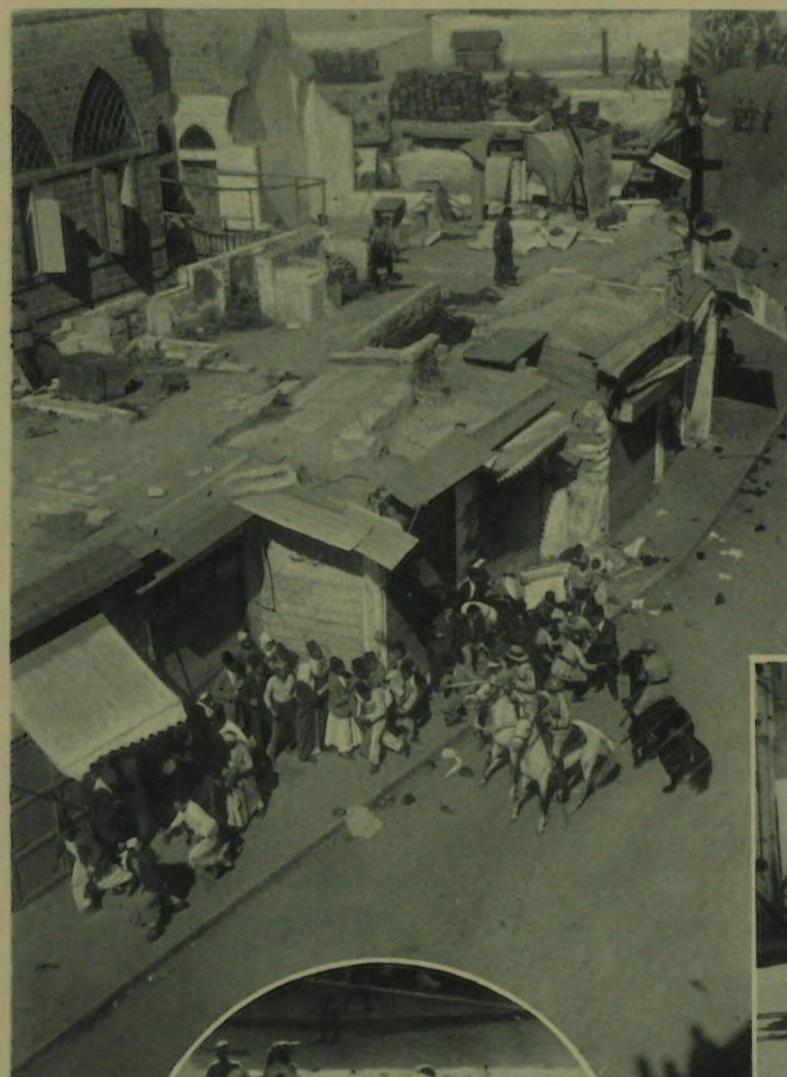
ANTI-BRITISH ARAB RIOTS IN PALESTINE: DRAMATIC SCENES AT JAFFA.



THE ARAB RIOTS AT JAFFA IN WHICH ONE CONSTABLE AND TEN CIVILIANS WERE KILLED, AND OTHERS SERIOUSLY INJURED: A BATON CHARGE AGAINST THE MOB BY THE PALESTINIAN POLICE.



ARAB RIOTERS AT JAFFA HURLING STONES AND IRON BARS AT THE POLICE (DRAWN UP IN THE BACKGROUND), WHO WERE AFTERWARDS FIRED AT AND REPLIED: A DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPH AT THE HEIGHT OF THE DISTURBANCES.



THE ARREST OF AN ARAB LEADER (SEEN ON RIGHT BEING SEARCHED BY POLICE FOR ARMS), AT JAFFA—(INSET BELOW) POLICE CARRYING SHIELDS, FOR PROTECTION AGAINST MISSILES, IN AN AFFRAY.



STRETCHER-BEARERS BRINGING IN THE BODY OF ONE OF THE CIVILIANS WHO WERE KILLED DURING THE FIRING IN JAFFA: AN INCIDENT OF THE RECENT RIOTS, SHOWING MOUNTED POLICE AND A BARBED-WIRE BARRICADE.

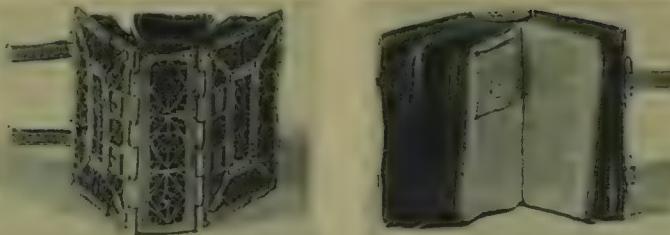
We now give photographs of the Arab riots at Jaffa on October 27, described in our last issue in association with similar disturbances in Jerusalem and Haifa. At Jaffa, the police had to fire on the mob, which attacked them both with stones and fire-arms. One constable and ten civilians were killed, and two constables and twenty civilians seriously injured. Several Arab leaders were arrested and imprisoned at Acre, where later they were released on bail. The police wore steel helmets and carried light shields for protection against such missiles as stones. Their behaviour was highly praised, and they proved themselves capable

of restoring order. A message from Jerusalem on November 5 said that Palestine was quiet again. It was explained that this time the Arab movement had been directed not against the Jews, who were left unmolested, but against the Government and the British. There had been a revival of Arab nationalism, inspired by the progress of Iraq and the apparent failure there of British protests regarding the Assyrian incidents. The Iraqi cap devised by the late King Feisal, whose death was made an occasion for fervent demonstrations of Arab unity, had become familiar in Jerusalem as a badge of nationalist feeling among the Arabs.

THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK:

NEWS ITEMS
OF TOPICAL
INTEREST.

THE RUSSIAN STRATOSPHERE ASCENT TO BE COMMEMORATED ON STAMPS: THE DESIGN. The Soviet Post Office is to issue three stamps, at 5, 10, and 20 kopecks, commemorating the Russian balloon ascent into the stratosphere over Moscow (illustrated in our issue of October 7) which beat Prof. Piccard's record. The design shows (at the top) the height reached, 19,000 metres; (below) Moscow; (left) "Air Mail."



THE SMALLEST KNOWN MANUSCRIPT OF SO EARLY A DATE (1567): A UNIQUE MINIATURE "PETRARCH" RECENTLY SOLD IN LONDON—THE BINDING (LEFT) AND A PAGE OPENING (ACTUAL SIZE).

Miniature manuscripts (as distinct from printed books) are rare at any date, and this sixteenth-century Italian manuscript of Petrarch's Sonnets and Songs, recently sold by Messrs. Hodgson at their auction rooms in Chancery Lane, is in its way unique. No other MS. of this size is known of so early a date. It has 110 pages of vellum measuring 11-16ths by 15-16ths of an inch. The last page contains the scribe's name, Aloysius Partenopeus, and the date, 1567. The gold filigree binding is of later date, but equally remarkable.



A PIONEER EXPERIMENT IN GLIDING NEARLY 120 YEARS AGO: A REPRODUCTION OF SIR GEORGE CAYLEY'S FIRST MODEL GLIDER OF 1804, ON VIEW AT THE SCIENCE MUSEUM, WHERE THIS RECONSTRUCTION MODEL WAS MADE.

This model in the Science Museum "represents," says an explanatory note, "the earliest recorded experiment in free flight with an 'aeroplane' or gliding machine having both vertical and horizontal rudders. The reproduction is based on a sketch and description contained in Sir George Cayley's Notebook (circa 1799-1826). . . . It is known that Cayley undertook many practical tests of model and full-scale 'kites'—apparatus which would now be termed 'gliders.' These experiments, the first of their kind, were carried out near Brompton Hall, Yorkshire, in a field which slopes steeply on opposite sides." Sir George writes: "It was very pretty to see it sail down a steep hill."



MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S ALLEGED UTTERANCES AS NAZI PROPAGANDA: A GERMAN ELECTION PLACARD. Mr. Lloyd George is being widely quoted in Germany for Nazi electoral propaganda. Advertisement pillars in streets carry a large yellow poster with his name in big letters. "This is the opinion," it states, "of Mr. Lloyd George, the British ex-Premier: 'The most abominable breach of Treaty obligations in history.'" Then follow sentences ascribed to him.



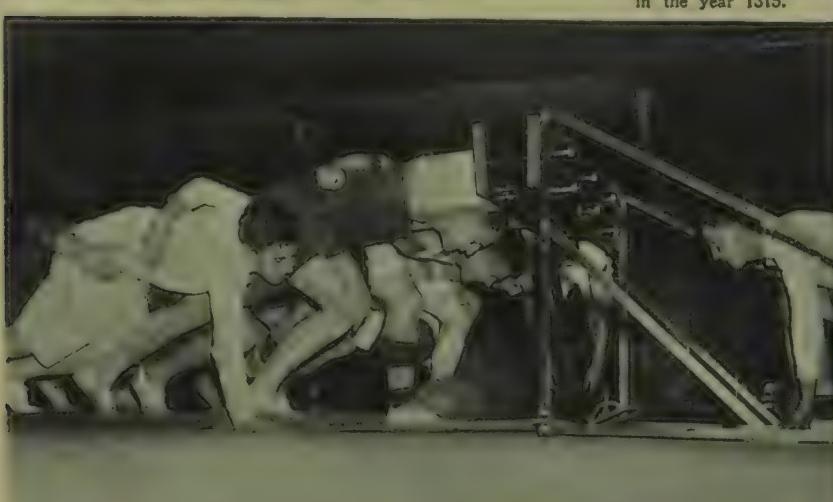
THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A MOSQUE LAMP.

This mosque lamp belongs to a group justly celebrated for their decorative quality and accomplished technique. Dated by its inscription as belonging to the early fourteenth century, it is probably of Syrian make; and the Arabic lettering records its gift by the Emir Qajish el Maliki, who was employed on an important mission from Cairo to Damascus in the year 1315.



NATIONAL GOVERNMENT LEADERS OPPOSE REVIVING PARTY POLITICS: MR. BALDWIN; MR. MACDONALD; SIR JOHN SIMON.

The "triumvirs" of our present Administration—the Premier, Mr. Baldwin, and Sir John Simon—representing its three constituent sections, were entertained on Nov. 6 by the National Labour Committee, on the reassembling of Parliament after two years of National Government. All advocated its continuance, as the bulwark of democracy against dictatorship, and deprecated a return to the party system.



A "RUGGER" SCRUM PUSHING AGAINST A MACHINE! A NEW MECHANICAL PRACTICE DEVICE USED BY MEMBERS OF THE LONDON UNIVERSITY TEAM.

A note supplied with the above two photographs states: "There has just been installed in a gymnasium of the Northampton Engineering College, Islington, a 'scrum machine' which takes the rôle of the opposing pack, so that teams may at all times enjoy practice in this important feature of Rugby football. The machine is so sprung that it provides all the natural movements and resistances of an opposing pack." The players here seen practising on the machine



THE "SCRUM" AS SEEN FROM BEHIND THE MACHINE: A VIEW SHOWING ONE OF THE PLAYERS FOOTING THE BALL BACKWARDS.

are members of the London University "Rugger" team. It will be noticed that they are wearing rubber shoes instead of the usual football boots worn in an actual game. In the left-hand photograph, the "scrum half" is seen in the centre background, in a stooping attitude just after having thrown the ball into the scrum, while on the right is a player observing, and perhaps coaching, those engaged in the scrum. The other photograph shows his view of the scrum.

GORDON RICHARDS v. ARCHER:

THE REMARKABLE 1885 RECORD EQUALLED IN 1933.



GORDON RICHARDS NEARING THE WINNING-POST AND LOOKING BACK AT HIS RIVALS.

GORDON RICHARDS'S MORE RECENT WINS.
(Oct. 12, 1933, until Nov. 4, when he equalled Archer's 1885 record.)

DATE.	RACE.	MEETING.
Oct. 12	Heath Handicap	Newmarket.
" 12	Middle Park Stakes	"
" 12	Suffolk Nursery Handicap	"
" 12	Challenge Stakes	"
" 12	Bretby (Post) Stakes	"
" 13	Kedington Claiming and Selling	"
" 13	Prendergast Stakes	"
" 13	Southfield Handicap	" [ton.]
" 16	Dunstall Maiden Plate	Wolverhampton.
" 16	Wyfold Handicap	"
" 17	Corinthian Welter Sweepstakes	"
" 18	October Selling	Sandown.

(Continued opposite.)



GORDON RICHARDS AND FAMILY: THE CHAMPION JOCKEY WITH HIS WIFE AND HIS SONS, DICK AND PETER.

JOCKEYS ALL ARE COMPARING:
THE CHAMPION FLAT RACE RIDERS IN 1885 AND 1933.

GORDON RICHARDS LOOKING FOR AN OPENING—SHOWING THE CHAMPION URGING HIS MOUNT.

DATE.	RACE.	MEETING.
Oct. 18	Hock Maiden Plate	Sandown.
" 21	Newbury Autumn Handicap	Newbury.
" 24	Limekiln Stakes	Newmarket.
" 25	Dalham Stakes	"
" 26	Free Handicap	"
" 30	Estates Selling	Birmingham.
" 31	Bromford Selling	"
Nov. 1	Deerhurst Nursery Handicap	Worcester.
" 1	Dudley Welter Selling	"
" 1	Worcester Autumn Handicap	"
" 1	Hindlip Maiden Plate	"
" 2	Kempsey Long Distance Handicap	"
" 4	Mitre Selling Plate	Hurst Park.

To be added to the list of Richards's wins published in "The Illustrated London News" of October 14.



FRED ARCHER'S WHIP AND SPURS—PROMISED TO RICHARDS ON HIS BEATING ARCHER'S 1885 RECORD.



FRED ARCHER AND HIS DAUGHTER: THE GREAT JOCKEY WHO SET UP A RECORD BY WINNING 246 RACES IN 1885.



FRED ARCHER'S PRIVATE WEIGHING-CHAIR—HIS FRIEND AND HIS DEADLIEST ENEMY DURING HIS CAREER.



GORDON RICHARDS IN THE UNSADDLING ENCLOSURE AT HURST PARK AFTER HE HAD WON THE MITRE SELLING PLATE ON EL SENOR AND THUS EQUALLED THE FORTY-EIGHT-YEAR-OLD RECORD SET UP BY FRED ARCHER—246 WINS IN A SEASON; A SUCCESS WHICH WAS THE MORE DRAMATIC IN THAT IT WAS GAINED ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF ARCHER'S LAST MOUNT—ON TOMMY TITTLEMOUSE, AT LEWES.

Our readers will recall that we published in our issue of October 14 last photographs of Fred Archer and of Gordon Richards, who was endeavouring to beat Archer's 1885 record by winning over 246 races in a season. On November 4, Richards equalled Archer's figure; and it was anticipated that he would pass it at Liverpool on November 8. In any case, Richards had sixteen racing days to go from November 4. In connection with Archer's whip and spurs, it should be noted that Mr. Ernest Thornton Smith, for whom the champion jockey has ridden many winners, promised these to him when he had beaten Archer's record.

Further, our reference to Fred Archer's weighing-chair as both his friend and his enemy should be explained by stating that there can be little doubt that Archer's suicide was due in part to depression brought about by the fact that during the whole of his racing life he had to keep down his weight in the most drastic manner. His normal weight was nearly 10 stone; while Richards has little or no difficulty in riding at 7 st. 8 lb. It may be added that in 1885 Archer had 667 mounts and rode 246 winners; while in 1933, up till November 4, Richards had had 899 mounts and had ridden 246 winners.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

LOCH NESS IN POSSESSION OF A "SEA-SERPENT"!

(See also the Opposite Page.)

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

BUT for a cutting from a newspaper, sent me a day or two ago, I should have missed an item of news which interested me greatly, though it did not thrill me in the way it seems to have done the whole of Scotland.

It concerned a monster which for some months has found an enforced retreat in Loch Ness. Specu-

stranger of Loch Ness will serve, at any rate, to knock a very large nail in its coffin. For he has no means of escape, save by the aid of an unusually high tide, to enable him to get down the river past the town to the sea. Normally this river is very shallow. Only by means of another such tide can he gain his freedom.

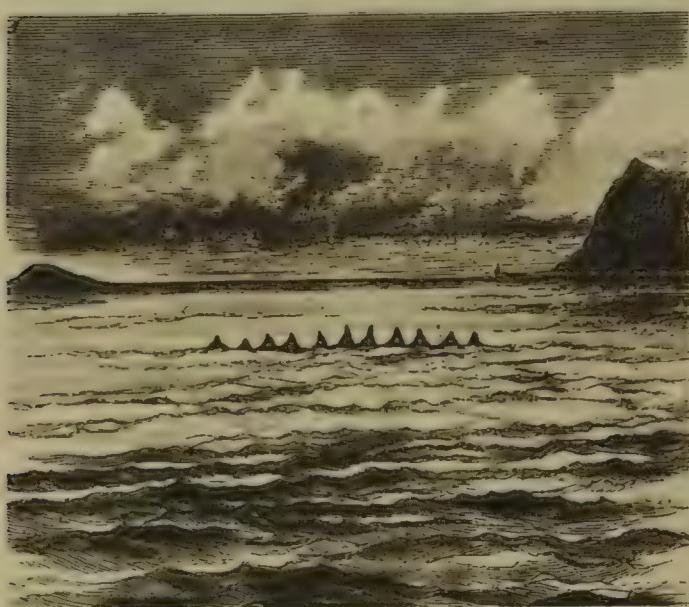
Should he be taken, alive or dead, before then, the prediction of Dr. Percy Grimshaw, Keeper of the Natural History Department of the Royal Scottish Museum, will be verified — of that I have no doubt. He is of opinion that this mysterious visitor will be found not merely to be "very like a whale," but to be indeed a whale; and probably a Beluga, or white whale (*Delphinapterus leucas*), and an immature specimen at that. And its colour will be of a dark slate-grey, for the adult has a hide of a beautiful creamy-white hue. The poor creature is, unhappily, much in demand for the sake of its hide, which is used for leather for shooting-boots and

Forth above Stirling. (See photograph on this page.) I had the pleasure of dissecting it. But there are only eight other records of its occurrence in Scottish waters. Further south, on our coasts, it never seems to venture, though one is said to have been seen off the Devonshire coast many years ago. But it was much more probably Cuvier's beaked whale (*Ziphius cavirostris*), wherein the forepart of the body is pure white. And this, as I myself saw some years ago off the coast of Wexford, shows conspicuously as the animal comes to the surface to blow.

A little girl, I believe, once defined Faith as "believing in something that you know isn't true." It is this same spirit which induces grown men and women, even to-day, to derive no small pleasure from deceiving themselves into a belief in the existence of monsters which only a little reflection would show to be impossible. This curious habit of mind is of immense antiquity. Nevertheless, it has enriched our literature and our art. The ancient Greeks gave us the centaur, the chimera, and the Gorgon Medusa. And how greatly is Heraldry indebted for the dragon, the griffin, the wyvern, and the unicorn! The cockatrice, the basilisk, and the

roc are other creatures which have lived only in the imaginations of men. The Chinese dragon is surely one of the most marvellous and the most life-like of all these mythical creatures.

The ancient Greeks, however, did not regard the fabulous monsters as existing in their time, but as creatures of the gods living on Mount Olympus. But the men of the Middle Ages in Europe firmly believed in the existence of monsters of the crudest description, as witness the strange stories of the Archbishop Olaus Magnus, of Upsala. In him, surely, faith was strongly developed, for it seems to have completely inhibited his critical faculties! But, be this as it may, his stories of strange monsters make very entertaining reading! I have



A "SEA-SERPENT" SEEN IN THE MEDITERRANEAN OFF THE NORTH COAST OF SICILY, ON JUNE 2, 1877: SKETCHES FROM H.M. YACHT "OSBORNE"—(ABOVE) THE ROW OF FINS AS SEEN AT FIRST; (RIGHT) THE HEAD AND FLAPPERS.

In a letter describing this sea monster, Lieut. W. P. Haynes, of H.M.S. "Osborne," wrote: "My attention was first called by seeing a long row of fins appearing above the surface about 200 yards from the ship. They were of irregular heights and extending about 30 or 40 ft. in line. In a few seconds they disappeared, giving place to the fore-part of the monster. By this time it had passed astern, and I could only get a view of it 'end on,' which I have shown in the sketch. The head was bullet-shaped, and quite 6 ft. thick, the neck narrow. It was very broad across the back or shoulders, about 15 or 20 ft., and the flappers appeared to have a semi-revolving motion, which seemed to paddle the monster along. They were about 15 ft. long. From the top of the head to the part of the back where it became immersed, I should consider 50 ft., and that seemed about a third of the whole length."

Reproduced from "The Graphic" of June 30, 1877.

lation has been busy, and some wild stories have resulted. One of these is particularly interesting, since it revived once more the old story of the "sea-serpent." It was seen on Sept. 22 at Balnafoich by a number of people, who were all in agreement that it had "a small head on a long neck, and moved through the water with an undulating motion." Doubtless they were convinced that their eyes had not deceived them, that they really *had* seen this strange monster! But suggestion goes a long way. This strange beast has been described, in almost identical terms, time and again. We have all read of it. Sometimes it is furnished with a long mane, or other frills, but the essential details are the same. Until now, however, it has always been seen at sea. To give a semblance of reality to appease the sceptical, it has been suggested, as on this occasion, that it was really a Plesiosaur—one of the old "seadragons" which were common enough in our seas a few million years ago. Skeletons thereof may be seen in the British Museum of Natural History. The suggested possibility of such a survival is as fantastic as the story it was hoped to justify.

But this is by no means all of the silly things that have been said on this theme. The monster has recently been seen, we are told by one "eyewitness," "crossing the public road, dragon-like, with what appeared to be a lamb in its mouth"; a report which is said to have caused "widespread alarm along the valley of the Ness"! Other accounts accord it a humped back, dark colour, a mane, and eyes like motor-lamps!

The average countryman is not remarkable for the fertility of his imagination, but when this is roused the effect is amusing, as these accounts show! The fact that the old story of the sea-serpent (see drawings on this page and opposite), with very slight modifications, has turned up again is interesting. It is high time it was decently buried, and the

the leather shoe-laces known as "porpoise-hide." There is, of course, the possibility that it may prove to be a dolphin of some sort. But I am inclined to agree with Dr. Grimshaw, because the Beluga, an Arctic species, habitually ascends rivers. It has been known to ascend the St. Lawrence as far as Quebec, and it enters the mouths of all the Siberian rivers, including the Amur, and also the Yukon, in Alaska.

now nearly reached the limit of my space; hence I am unable to give one or two samples of his stories, as I had hoped to do. His pictures illustrating his great book, *Historia de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*, are fearful and wonderful. There is, for example, a wood-cut illustrating a whale—a sperm whale—attacking a ship. Great spines are set on each side, apparently marking the openings of supposed gills;



THE TYPE OF CREATURE SUGGESTED BY DR. PERCY GRIMSHAW AS THE ORIGIN OF THE LOCH NESS "SEA-SERPENT" STORIES: THE WHITE WHALE, OR BELUGA (*DELPHINAPTERUS LEUCAS*), SHOT AT STIRLING LAST YEAR—A YOUNG MALE OF A DARK SLATE-GREY COLOUR, WEIGHING 7 CWT., AND BELONGING TO A SPECIES IN WHICH THE ADULT IS WHITE.

The animal we are now considering was, we may suppose, prospecting for a new watering-place for his tribe, after the fashion of "Kotick, the white seal," in Kipling's delightful story. Just a year ago, it is worth remembering, a Beluga was taken in the

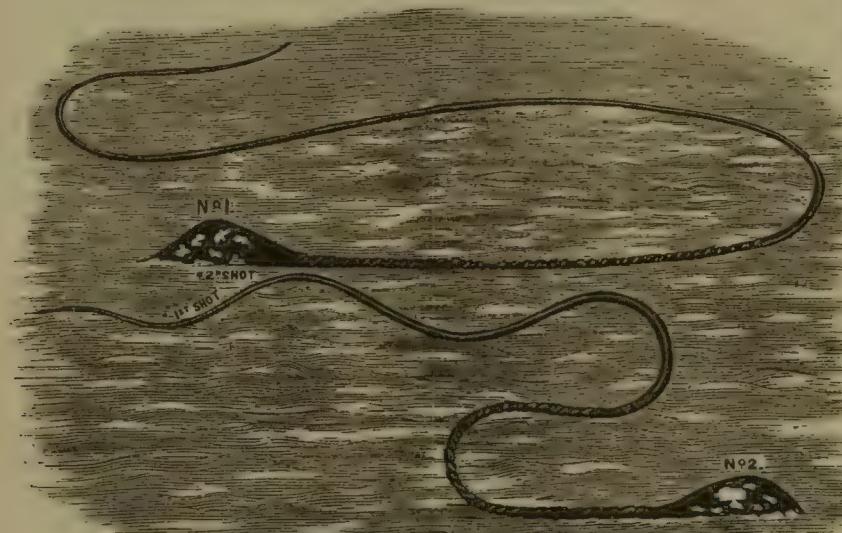
while the upper part of the head is more like that of a bear than a whale! No less amusing is a picture of a stranded whale, wherein the flippers are armed with claws, and teeth take the place of the whalebone. From its size it is evidently meant to be a rorqual.



1. "THE DEATH OF THE SEA-SERPENT": A MONSTER 57 FT. LONG KILLED (IN 1905) IN LATITUDE 3 DEG. SOUTH, BY THE STEM OF THE "ARMADALE CASTLE," AND NICKNAMED "PISCIS RUDYARDENSIS" FROM THE FACT THAT MR. KIPLING WAS ON BOARD.
[From our issue of Feb. 11, 1905.]



3. "A LONG, BLACK CREATURE WITH A SHARP HEAD" AND "SOMETHING ON ITS BACK THAT APPEARED LIKE A MANE": A STRANGE MONSTER SIGHTED WEST OF OPORTO, ON DECEMBER 31, 1848, BY OFFICERS AND MEN OF H.M.S. "PLUMPER!"
[From our issue of April 14, 1849.]



5. A SEA-SERPENT SEEN, AND FIRED AT, BY DR. BICCARD, ABOUT 150 YARDS OFF THE LIGHTHOUSE AT GREEN POINT, TABLE BAY, ON FEBRUARY 16, 1857: SKETCHES SHOWING TWO POSITIONS OF THE MONSTER, DESCRIBED AS ABOUT 200 FT. LONG.
[From our issue of June 13, 1857.]



6. "AN IMMENSE SNAKE" SEEN FROM THE SHIP "IMOGEN," ON MARCH 30, 1856, IN LAT. 29 DEG. 11 MIN. N.; LONG., 34 DEG. 26 MIN. W.—[From our issue of May 3, 1856.]

ASTONISHING TALES OF THE SEA-SERPENT REVIVED BY THE "MONSTER" OF LOCH NESS.

(SEE ARTICLE AND ILLUSTRATIONS ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



2. A SEA-MONSTER OBSERVED BY TWO WELL-KNOWN NATURALISTS IN THE EARL OF CRAWFORD'S YACHT, "VALHALLA," OFF PARA ON DECEMBER 7, 1905: A CREATURE WITH AN EEL-LIKE NECK SOME 6 FT. LONG AND A BROWN SAIL-LIKE FIN OR FRILL.
[From our issue of June 30, 1906.]



4. A SEA-SERPENT SEEN FROM THE BRITISH FRIGATE "DÆDALUS," ON AUGUST 6, 1848, BETWEEN THE CAPE AND ST. HELENA, WITH ABOUT 60 FT. OF ITS BODY ON THE SURFACE, AND "SOMETHING LIKE THE MANE OF A HORSE OR A BUNCH OF SEAWEED" ON ITS BACK.
[From our issue of Oct. 28, 1848.]



7. A CURIOUS CREATURE SIGHTED FROM THE STEAM-YACHT "EMERALD," IN 1906, BETWEEN MADEIRA AND ST. THOMAS; ABOUT 20 FT. LONG, "ALMOST CERTAINLY A CETACEAN . . . POSSIBLY THE LESSER RORQUAL": AN ENLARGED PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. BOWDLER SHARPE.
[From our issue of July 28, 1906.]



8. "THE GREAT AMERICAN SEA-SERPENT": A CREATURE KILLED ON THE SHORE NEAR CAPE ANN, IN 1817, AND NAMED BY THE LINNÆAN SOCIETY OF BOSTON "SCOLIOPHS ATLANTICUS," CONSIDERING IT TO BE "THE YOUNG OF THE GREAT SEA-SERPENT"—AN ENGRAVING PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY, WITH SUBSIDIARY DRAWINGS OF DETAILS, INCLUDING MUSCLES, VISCERA, AND PART OF THE SPINE, WITH VARIETIES OF VERTEBRAE.
[From our issue of Oct. 28, 1848.]

"THE VISION OF THE ANCIENTS CONJURED UP BY POMPEII"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE DEPARTMENT OF ANTIQUITIES OF CAMPANIA



"A NEW AND UNSUSPECTED POMPEII, EQUIPPED FOR WARFARE . . . ONE OF THE BEST EXAMPLES OF A FORTIFIED CITY": A NEWLY-EXCAVATED SECTION OF THE CITY WALLS.

ON the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the Fascist régime, the results of the last two years' research at Pompeii were recently opened to visitors, and in this connection Professor Maluri contributed to the "Times" a deeply interesting account of the latest discoveries there and at Herculaneum. We abridge here passages relating to these photographs. "One of the most charming examples of a small private house," he writes, "came unexpectedly to light [at Pompeii]. The freshness and neatness of all support the theory that the walls had been decorated a day or two before the eruption. Who were the inhabitants? A young couple, happily married and evidently in love; for such does one imagine them to have been from the inscription in the wall near the door of a cubicle: 'Amantes ut apes vixim multum exigunt' (Lovers, like bees, spend a honeyed life). It is intended to restore the mural outline to Pompeii by the restoration of the *Pomerium* road, now being excavated, which will provide a spacious walk around the fortified city walls. Work was begun where the walls are best preserved. Here the Samnites put up their last fight for independence. The visitor will discover a new and unsuspected Pompeii. It is a Pompeii



THE REARRANGED STORE-ROOM OF HOUSEHOLD TERRA-COTTA WARE DISCOVERED AT POMPEII: "EVERY KIND OF POTTERY, FROM BULGING WINE-CASKS TO DAINTY FLOWER-VASES AND TINY VESSELS FOR BIRDS TO DRINK FROM," AND "HUNDREDS OF AMPHORAS."



THE NEWLY-FOUND "HOUSE OF THE LOVERS" AT POMPEII, BEARING AN INSCRIPTION—"LOVERS, LIKE BEES, SPEND A HONEYED LIFE," AND BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN COMPLETED JUST BEFORE THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PERISTYLE.



A CORNER OF THE PERISTYLE AT THE "HOUSE OF THE LOVERS," POMPEII, WHERE WAS FOUND A WELL WITH PAIL AND TUB: SHOWING THE GARDEN, EQUIPPED FOR WARFARE, WHICH TOOK ACTIVE PART IN THE GREAT HISTORICAL DRAMA LEADING UP TO THE UNIFICATION OF ITALY. . . . WHERE IS ALL THE MATERIAL (DOMESTIC POTTERY) FROM HUNDREDS AND HUNDREDS OF HOUSES EXCAVATED BEFORE THE MODERN SYSTEM OF LEAVING FINDS *IN SITU* UNALTERED? IT WAS USELESSLY BURIED IN THE STONE GRANARIES OF THE FORUM. THE COUNTRY HAS BEEN MADE INTO A PROPER STOREHOUSE FOR ALL THE TERRACOTTA WARE WHOSE EXACT PROVENANCE COULD NOT BE TRACED. EVERY KIND OF POTTERY IS REPRESENTED." TURNING TO HERCULANEUM, PROFESSOR MALURI SAYS: "A SURPRISE THIS YEAR WAS THE DISCOVERY OF A LARGE SHOP, FAR MORE COMPLETE THAN ANY UNEARTHED AT POMPEII. ITS INTEREST EVEN EXCEEDS THE MAGNIFICENT BAR OF THE VIA DELL' ABBONDANZA, BECAUSE IT HAS ALL THE WOODEN FURNISHINGS OF A ROMAN HOUSE ALMOST INTACT. RESTORATION HERE HAS ATTAINED PERFECTION. CARBONISED WOODWORK HAS BEEN HARDENED AND SHEATHED IN GLASS OR CELLULOID. . . . THUS THE VISION OF THE ANCIENTS CONJURED UP BY POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM GROWS UNCEASINGLY IN DEPTH AND RANGE."

"AND HERCULANEUM": NEW AND WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES.

AND MOLISE. DESCRIPTION BY PROFESSOR AMEDEO MAURI.



A SURPRISE DISCOVERY AT HERCULANEUM: A SHOP, MORE COMPLETE THAN ANY AT POMPEII, WITH "ALL THE WOODEN FURNISHINGS OF A ROMAN HOUSE ALMOST INTACT"—SHOWING THE FIREPLACE, OIL-LAMP, AMPHORAS ON SHELVES, AND A BOWL OF BEANS ON THE COUNTER.

PET LIONS AT TEA: THE DOMESTICITY OF SABIE AND PATRICIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM "LIONS WILD AND FRIENDLY"; REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR, E. F. V. WELLS, AND OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. CASSELL.



"EVERY SUNDAY MORNING THE FAMILY WOULD FORGATHER WITH THE LIONS FOR ELEVEN O'CLOCK TEA": PATRICIA AND SABIE WITH MRS. WELLS.



"THE MOST ADORABLE CREATURE OF THE WILDS EVER TRAINED TO BE THE COMPANION OF MAN": PATRICIA, THE LIONESS, DRINKING HER TEA FROM A SAUCER.



PATRICIA APPEARING BORED WHILE WAITING FOR HER TEA: THE LIONESS IN HER OPEN PADDOCK DURING THE CUSTOMARY TEA-PARTY ON SUNDAY MORNINGS.



SABIE ASKS FOR MORE: "A HANDSOME BLACK-MANED LION FULL OF PERSONALITY WITH JUST A TRACE OF MISCHIEF TO GIVE PIQUANCY TO HIS CHARACTER."



PATRICIA PLAYING WITH HER CUB; ONE FORE-PAW OUT TO STEADY IT AS IT WALKS: A HAPPY DOMESTIC SCENE IN THE PADDOCK.



PATRICIA ADMires HER CUB: A LIONESS-SO-TAME THAT SHE HAS BECOME A REAL FRIEND OF THE FAMILY, AND LOVES TO WANDER ABOUT THE HOUSE.

In his fascinating new book, "Lions Wild and Friendly," published by Cassell at 8s. 6d., Mr. E. F. V. Wells, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., displays a knowledge of lions which few can possess, as well as a love for the great beasts founded on intimacy with a great number of specimens. The book is adorned with numerous beautiful photographs, several of which we reproduce here and on the opposite page. It is Mr. Wells's conviction that "of all wild animals none has been more misjudged or maligned; the extreme prejudice that exists doubtless springs from traditional ignorance, fostered by the stories of hunters whose experiences have been gained

through the constantly hunted animal." Mr. Wells, on the other hand, breeds lions as a hobby at Witbank, in the Transvaal, and brings them up as pets. He finds that with proper treatment they become exceedingly docile, and their habits and characters are a source of perpetual interest and entertainment. The book contains anecdotes and information attractively presented, and makes a contribution of importance to the knowledge of the species. Sabie and Patricia, shown here, are, the author says, "perhaps the most understanding and attractive pair of lions ever reared in captivity."

THE FRIENDLY LION: A CREATURE MUCH "MISJUDGED" AND "MALIGNED."

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM "LIONS WILD AND FRIENDLY"; REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR, E. F. V. WELLS, AND OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. CASSELL.



A FULL-GROWN LION LYING FAST ASLEEP ON HIS BACK: A STRANGE POSTURE, WHICH, HOWEVER, IS OFTEN ADOPTED BY LIONS AND LIONESSES, MAKING THEM LOOK LIKE A WHITE BARKLESS LOG FROM A DISTANCE.



A YOUNG LION AMONG THE CATTLE, AND VIEWED WITH THE UTMOST SUSPICION—NOT WITHOUT REASON, SINCE LIONS, EVEN THOUGH BRED IN CAPTIVITY, NEVER LOSE THEIR HUNTING INSTINCTS.

As mentioned on the opposite page, these photographs are taken from "Lions Wild and Friendly," the recently published book by E. F. V. Wells, who breeds lions as a hobby in the Transvaal, and brings them up as pets. A great amount of extremely interesting information is contained in the book: as that lions like playing with hats or other woven articles; they generally get on well with dogs, but invariably detest cats; young lions in the wild go through a "hobbledehoy" age between eighteen and thirty months; all lions have worms; they do not

eat the heads of their kills unless very hungry, and one was seen to vomit the muzzle and ears of a zebra; and they rapidly get accustomed to the noise of aircraft. This last point is of particular interest in view of the recent controversy on the subject, which has already been discussed and illustrated in these pages. Mr. Wells, speaking from the best of experience, since he has many times flown over lions himself and been with them when flown over, is definite in his statement that the lions he has known soon lost all fear of aeroplanes.

IMMORTAL SAMUEL.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"SAMUEL PEPYS": By ARTHUR BRYANT.*

(PUBLISHED BY THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.)

SAMUEL PEPYS was, throughout his life, a man of many friends; and no man has ever had more friends after his death. Many thousands, perhaps millions, of readers have felt not only intense interest in this man—who, but for his self-revelation, might soon have been forgotten—but lively personal affection for him. What is the secret of his endearing quality?

Part of it, no doubt, lies in the mere setting of his chronicle. His manner of composition brings back to us, more vividly than any objective history can do, a crucial period of our history. Lord! (as he would say) what things his eyes beheld! At the age of sixteen, "he stood in the street at Charing Cross and watched Charles I.'s dripping head held high above the block." His only comment was: "The memory of the wicked shall rot." Yet, eleven years later, he was to have some small share in bringing "the wicked" back to the throne of England, for it was he who, as confidential secretary to Admiral Montagu (Lord Sandwich), read to the assembled captains of the Fleet Charles II.'s letter accepting the Commons' invitation to return to his kingdom. He witnessed Charles's actual embarkation for England, and was present (having gained entrance in a highly characteristic manner) at his coronation. Twice he saw England brought low and in peril of her life; once when Monk was marching through the streets of London, and men, not knowing what might happen from moment to moment, were in despair of settled

midst of the plague, and, while the country drifted towards ruin, his own affairs prospered—not even the Great Fire was able to touch his cherished possessions, though it swept menacingly to his very door. It is probable that, but for the early patronage of his kinsman, Lord Sandwich, he might have remained obscure all his life. He himself never ceased to marvel at his good fortune—sometimes almost fearfully, remembering (as all wise men do in prosperity) the insecurity of existence: "I pray God give me a heart to fear a fall and to prepare for it!"

But luck does not detract from success, if a man has the indispensable complement—the power of taking

his reasoning and the eloquence of his discourse. But perhaps the most courageous action of his life was to risk all fortune and favour by taking his master, Lord Sandwich, to task for loose courses which were damaging his reputation and prospects. Samuel Pepys had what we may be pardoned for calling "guts"; and a most valuable ally to that saving grace was his devotion to duty. Unlike the average placeman of his day, he made himself master, by enormous industry, of every department of the service in which he was engaged, and by reforming zeal combined with profound technical knowledge conferred on his country inestimable benefit. In his work he found not only the peculiar satisfaction which energy and efficiency supply, but a refuge from temptations which were always beckoning him.

"My mind was never in my life in so good a condition of quiet as it hath been since I have followed my business." All this was part of an abounding vitality, an insatiable curiosity in the spectacle of life, which Mr. Bryant illustrates frequently and forcibly.

These were what Mr. Bryant calls "Great-heart" qualities in Samuel; but we should not be so fond of him if he had not possessed others more earthly. How Mortal Manly he is as he watches, almost awed, his own rise in the world, his steady



WHITEHALL FROM ST. JAMES'S PARK AT THE TIME OF PEPYS—FROM A PAINTING BY HENDRIK DANCKERTS (CIRCA 1764).—[Reproduced by Permission of the Earl of Berkeley.]

advantage of good fortune when it befalls. This Pepys possessed to the utmost. He seized a chance and never let it go—witness the pertinacity with which he made sure of his appointment as Clerk of the Acts; and he had many qualities which ensured the fullest fruition of every opportunity. He evidently had much personal charm, and was esteemed good company by all sorts and conditions of men (and women). His courage was demonstrated on many occasions. As a young man, tormented with one of the most painful of all diseases, he submitted unflinchingly to the terrible operation for the stone, which he knew had proved fatal to many others. During the plague, he went resolutely about his duties when all others had deserted, hardly seeming to realise that there was any particular merit in the act. Twice he stood on his defence, his whole career and reputation at stake; once before the Council and once before Parliament itself: both times he came off blameless, and on the latter occasion triumphant, having converted critics into admirers by the lucidity of

progress to the society of the great and powerful, the gradual increase of his worldly estate to undreamt-of proportions—it is all like a fairy-story for the tailor's son, and he never ceases to be thrilled and a little frightened by it! We love him for his childish delight when his social career reaches its climax and he and Elizabeth, driven by a coachman in a livery of green lined with red, go abroad "to take the maidenhead of their coach." Yet, amid all this fabulous advancement, he never forgot less fortunate kinsmen or the friends of earlier days. The hearts of fellow-sinners go out to him as they observe him making vows against besetting weaknesses, and neatly evading the vows by ingenious equivocations. The playhouse was one of these weaknesses—very venial, but very insistent; and Samuel's passion for music we can hardly account a weakness at all (though he himself, Puritan-born, did so), for it had a "command over the soul" of him, a power to "wrap him up" in sweetness and transport, which shows him to have been a man of delicate sensibility. "Music and women," he bursts out, "I cannot but give way to, whatever my business is." As for the less innocent of these two diversions, Samuel has disarmed our severer judgment by a frankness which no other man has entrusted to paper in the same degree. It is impossible to represent his constant promiscuities as anything but sordid; but it is not unlikely that there was a physical explanation for them, and we like him better for the unrepentant hedonism of a vitality which was determined to pluck every flower before it faded than we should for snivelling and whimpering over his sins. In any case, he who feels disposed to cast the first stone would do well to remind himself that, although he may, like Hamlet, count himself indifferent honest, yet he might, if he were as candid with himself as Samuel, accuse himself of such things that it were better he had never been born. Pepys had other faults less easy to forgive. His frantic jealousy in regard to his "poor wretch" was an ugly thing, especially in one who had so often deceived the object of it. (But she had her revenge over Deb.!) Was Pepys corrupt in his office? Many of the perquisites which he received would have a sinister air nowadays, but were perfectly legitimate according to the practice of the times; even so, however, there were some questionable transactions in prize goods and the like which would have been difficult to justify. But it is certain that Pepys, much though he liked money, never allowed it to interfere with the performance of his duty.

It is the common clay of Samuel Pepys, as well as the finer stuff, which gives us all a feeling of kinship with him; and both these elements in his make-up are moulded by Mr. Bryant with a skill which never flags and a sympathy which lends colour and interest to every line in this book. It is impossible for the present reviewer to express a greater obligation to this volume that to say that, having thought that he knew Samuel thoroughly for many years past, he is indebted to Mr. Bryant for a new, revealing, and delightful intimacy. No reader of Mr. Bryant's "Charles II." needs any assurance of the quality of writing in this book or of its power to evoke the Restoration Age. We need only add that Mr. Bryant has had access to all the portions of the Diary hitherto unpublished, that he uses them with equal frankness and discretion, and that he promises us a second volume in which the full story of Pepys's work for the Navy will be told.—C. K. A.



SAMUEL PEPYS AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-FOUR—
FROM THE PORTRAIT BY JOHN HAYLS.

Mr. Arthur Bryant, author of "Samuel Pepys: The Man in the Making," will be remembered for his valuable and entertaining "Charles II." He was also responsible for the scenario of the Greenwich Pageant, which had such an outstanding success when it was performed in June of this year. Some of the most interesting features of this pageant were illustrated by us in our issue of July 17.

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery.
All Illustrations from "Samuel Pepys: The Man in the Making," published by the Cambridge University Press.

SAMUEL PEPYS'S WIFE, ELIZABETH—FROM A BUST,
BY JOHN BUSHNELL, IN ST. OLAVE'S CHURCH,
HART STREET.

government; and once when England seemed to lie at the proud foot of a conqueror, and Dutch ships sailed unmolested up the Medway, and nothing but revolution seemed to face a bankrupt and distracted country. And these were not the only visitations which Pepys saw his country miraculously survive; none more feelingly than he has recalled to us London's double agony of pestilence and fire.

But other ages have been equally stirring, and it is not merely for the events which he records that Pepys holds a peculiar place in our affections. Had he lived centuries earlier or later, he would still have been, above all else and for ever, Mortal Man, in whose strange blend of virtues and frailties, set forth with unexampled candour, we repeatedly see living portions of ourselves. Why did Pepys—an extremely busy man—go to the trouble of writing in cipher a diary of over a million words? Not, we may be sure, merely for the sake of the things which were happening about him, but because he was fascinated by the study of himself as a human creature. And by that analysis, utterly without pose or self-consciousness, he has put his spell upon all those among his fellow-men who try to regard themselves with the same calm gaze.

He was a man successful beyond expectation, and in his career we may observe the most typical ingredients of worldly achievement—namely, the combination of luck and merit. Pepys was an extraordinarily lucky man. Nobody could have predicted for this tailor's son the career which led him from being Montagu's factotum and a "mean clerk" in the Exchequer to being Clerk of the Acts and finally ruler and saviour of the King's Navy. Except for a severe illness in youth and his failing eyesight in middle-age, nearly all such misfortunes as he records and all the perils in which he found himself were the result of his own indiscretions. He lived unharmed in the very

* "Samuel Pepys: The Man in the Making." By Arthur Bryant, Author of "King Charles II." (University Press, Cambridge; 10s. 6d. net.)



A LION WEARING PEARL BRACELETS—SUGGESTING THAT IT WAS A ROYAL PET: A VERY RARE PIECE OF 13TH-CENTURY PERSIAN POTTERY FOUND AT SAVEH. (NEARLY TWO FEET HIGH)

Dr. Arthur Upham Pope writes of this most interesting work: "Very few pieces of sculpture were produced in Persia in Islamic times, and, curiously enough, those in stone were nearly all of lions, possibly because of the belief that the Prophet himself—having met with notable military successes under a banner with a lion painted upon it, which he had captured from a dangerous foe—had specifically exempted the lion from the supposed objection to the representation of living creatures. The prohibition in question is not in the Koran, but only in the later 'Traditions.' In any case, the Persians were too fond of experiments, too lively minded, too much attracted by animals, to lose any chance to portray; even in pottery, lions, hawks, pigeons, horses, and elephants. In the twelfth to

fourteenth centuries, indeed, the potters at Saveh seem to have specialised in these representations, all of them covered with a beautiful turquoise glaze. From a sculptural point of view, these would have been considered negligible in the days when it was thought that the sculptor should aim at the precise duplication of the living object. Fortunately, this 'ideal' has long been abandoned. Judged by modern canons, some of the Persian animals are distinctly fine; but none is comparable with the great lion illustrated, which was discovered at Saveh two years ago. The animal depicted was evidently a royal pet, as is shown by the pearl bracelet on each forepaw. The piece is nearly two feet high—several times larger than anything else of the sort that has been found."

Once "The Cape
of Storms";
Now "The Cape
of Good Hope."

ALTHOUGH the Cape of Good Hope, situated at the extreme southern end of Africa, is not the most southerly point of the great continent, it is always regarded as such, owing to the romance investing this mighty headland, which for so long held its secret and baffled the early navigators in their search for the southern ocean highway to the rich empires of the East. In fact, the most southerly point of the African Continent is a few hundred miles along the coast, on the shelving banks of Cape l'Agulhas. The promontory called the Cape of Good Hope consists of three headlands, collectively known as the Cape of Good Hope. The massive cliff rising sheer out of the ocean to a height of nearly 1,000 feet. On account of the gales which sweep round the headland at all seasons of the year, it earned an unenviable reputation among the early mariners, who named it "The Cape of Storms." In the fifteenth century, after the epoch-making passages of Bartholomew Diaz and Vasco da Gama, who found the sea-route from Europe round Africa to the East, the headland was renamed by King John II of Portugal "The Cape of Good Hope," and fittingly it remains to-day under that title, a symbol of the spirit of the Union of South Africa. The headland was immortalised in the epic, "The Lusiad," by the Portuguese poet Camoes. Before the opening of the Suez Canal all ships voyaging between Europe and the East and Australasia passed round the Cape of Good Hope as the beacon that marked the turning-point in the East; it was surmounted by the Old Lighthouse, set 840 feet above ocean level, and with a beam visible 36 miles at sea in clear weather. On account of its elevation, however, this light was often obscured by prevailing mists and cloud, and a new lighthouse was constructed on the headland 100 feet lower. This present light has a range of 23 miles, and has proved more beneficial to mariners. The Cape of Good Hope is one of the culminating points of grandeur on the famous Marine Drive of 120 miles round the Cape Peninsula, and, in the opinion of many world-travellers, it outrivels many similar roads in the beauty of its setting. The chief attraction of the natural beauty of the Cape, the minor road that encircles it will reveal to the visitor glorious woodland and garden scenes and old-world homes, in delightful contrast with the more spectacular vistas of mountains and rocky coastline. The little Peninsula in this corner of South Africa meets every taste of the holiday-maker, and its growing reputation among travellers from all parts of the world. Visiting this Dominion has been made easy, and in the Publicity Bureau of the new South Africa House in London our readers will find a fund of helpful information about this fascinating field of travel.



"THE BEACON THAT MARKED THE TURNING-POINT TO THE EAST": THE THREE HEADLANDS THAT ARE THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.



" EACH JOY OF MINE MY SPANIELS KNOW."

"IN wintry woods when leaves are dead,
And hedges beam with berries red,
The Pheasant is my spoil ;
Fenc'd with high gaiters, out I go,
And beat through tangled bushes low ;

Each joy of mine my Spaniels know,
Though wandering many a mile.
At night returned, my bag well fill'd,
Perchance four brace of Pheasants kill'd,
I sit me down in peace."

—Old Song.

FROM THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR WARDLE, R.I.

LEAVES FROM LIFE: A NEW SERIES OF STUDIES BY EDMUND BLAMPIED.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY EDMUND BLAMPIED.



"NEIGHBOURLY SOULS."



"THE PEOPLE UPSTAIRS OFF TO THE PICTURES."

In our second series of drawings by Blampied, continued here, we have already given two studies made at Covent Garden; divers ways of passing an enjoyable evening; two familiar rituals—one essentially masculine, the other feminine;

phases of romance in the suburbs; and contrasts in the art of dining. Here we see two favourite pursuits of the cultured and the well-to-do—gossip and going to "shows"—being enjoyed by those less favoured by fortune.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

MY first three books this week carry the reader northward beyond Tweed, touching, among them, almost every phase of life across the Border. Those who fare thither in autumn, intent on the chase, will find rich entertainment in "FIFTY YEARS AND MORE OF SPORT IN SCOTLAND." Deer-stalking, Salmon-fishing, Grouse-shooting, and Other Pleasant Memories, 1880-1932. By the Duke of Portland, K.G., G.C.V.O. With thirty-six Illustrations in Collotype and two Maps (Faber; 21s.). Originally intended only for private circulation, these delightful reminiscences, at the instance of discerning friends, have happily been made available to a wider public. The Duke mentions that any profits from the publication will be given to charity, an arrangement in keeping with that by which, in 1917-18, all the venison from his Caithness estates was sold for the Red Cross.

Apart from their purely sporting interest, with valuable records, tables, and other technical data, the Duke's pages abound in humorous anecdotes, glimpses of quaint Scottish character and beliefs, nature notes, and recollections of interesting visitors. Among many others were the King and Queen of the Belgians, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince Chichibu of Japan, and Lord Kitchener; while special tribute of affection and admiration is paid to the memory of the late Lord Lovat and Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson. The appendices contain notes on Caithness birds, by John R. Kennedy; while the Duke gives his own observations on the hunting habits of eagles, and their relations to other birds, quoted from his preface to Mr. Seton Gordon's "Days with the Golden Eagle."

The other day I was talking to a man—a Southron like myself—who had just returned from a visit to Aberdeen, during which, I believe, he had gone a-fishing. He sang its praises as the cheeriest of cities, whose inhabitants were always merry and bright and loved to invent anecdotes, for southern consumption, about the dour and stingy Aberdonians. On the contrary, my friend declared, they, and the Scots in general, are the most generous and hospitable of people, the reverse of mean, though careful in money matters and hating extravagance or waste. These sentiments are fully corroborated by the "ace" of homeland travel writers in his latest book—"IN SCOTLAND AGAIN," By H. V. Morton. With twenty-two illustrations and a Map (Methuen; 7s. 6d.). Like his previous work, "In Search of Scotland," to which it is complementary, the new volume shows his genius for evoking the spirit of place, in happy description or amusing dialogue, and proves once again the inexhaustible romance and pathos of Scottish history.

Mr. Morton retells, for example, the story of the mysterious Appin murder, for which an innocent man suffered, and the truth of which is said to be a secret known to a few to-day, and handed down from father to son in a certain family. In this connection we meet our old friend Alan Breck, not quite so captivating as in the pages of "Kidnapped," but possibly more authentic. Here, too, are the amazing facts concerning the heart of Montrose, which, enclosed in a silver urn within a gold casket, has been carried about the world, lost more than once and almost miraculously found again, till finally it vanished, in Boulogne, during the French Revolution. So far it has not reappeared, but—who knows? Again, Mr. Morton extols the incorruptible devotion shown to Prince Charles by eight poor men of Glen Moriston. Not one would play Judas even for the £30,000 set upon his head—a bigger temptation than thirty pieces of silver!

Although Mr. Morton is not in favour of stag-hunting, he states the sportsman's point of view fairly enough, and even accompanied a sporting friend on a stalk. The incident of the sheep that butted in and spoilt sport at the critical moment is quite delicious. Among his other interesting personal experiences is a trip to the fishing-grounds in an Aberdeen trawler. "An epic of labour"—thus he describes the work of these hardy fishermen. But even here his humour does not desert him, as he describes how, in the midst of the North Sea, there is suddenly heard on board the trawler "a loud and refined voice" (with *pizzicato* accompaniment): "The poetrah of dot-dot-dot-dash-dash is—lzzzzwheeee dot-dot inevitable divided into

three main divisions dash-dash-dash his lyrics for example are things of sheer and flawless beautah." It was a wireless lecture (perhaps on Wordsworth), or, as Mr. Morton puts it: "The Voice of the World speaking to us as we toss about trying to catch the world's breakfast!"

I have not noticed in Mr. Morton's book any allusion to a piscine monster in Loch Ness, but he mentions, as seen in a neighbouring hotel, "a big, bloated trout in a glass case," which "looks like the origin of all fishing lies." There are many references to Loch Ness again, although not to the monster, in another beautifully illustrated book of kindred interest topographically—"SCOTLAND'S RAINBOW WEST." By J. J. Bell, author of "The Glory of Scotland." With 31 Photographs and a Map (Harrap; 7s. 6d.). While keeping in view the needs of holiday visitors, this is not a guide-book, but rather a volume of "friendly suggestions." If it cannot quite rival Mr. Morton's passages of gay and rollicking humour, it is nevertheless very readable. Here, too, are recounted the shooting of Red Fox (Colin Campbell), with allusions to "Kidnapped" and "Catriona"; the betrayal and death of Montrose; and the episode of Prince Charlie in Glen Moriston. Mr. Bell speaks of seven instead of eight men who guarded the fugitive Prince, and he rather belittles their motives by saying: "It does not appear to have occurred to them that £30,000, even when divided by seven, would keep a man in comfort for the rest of his life, hidden in another part of Scotland." As for Loch Ness, although he has nothing to say of any

had some curious experiences in Roumania with refugees from Bolshevik Russia, as in the incident of the railway journey of which he writes: "There was I, in a fix between the devil and the deep sea; with an archbishop in one end of the car and two smuggled ladies at the other, and it required no little ingenuity to keep them out of sight of one another." Colonel Carey is more concerned with his sporting adventures than his campaigning, and he seems to have shot everything from grouse to lions and grizzlies. His book includes one of the finest tributes to the companionship of dogs that I have seen. The Colonel seems to have taken up his abode of late in a log-cabin in British Columbia. The closing chapters on strange happenings indicate a belief that his life was saved more than once by divine intervention.

Now that Henry VIII. is so much in the limelight, it is topical to recall that in his youth he was a great player of tennis (not, of course, to be confused with lawn tennis), and that in 1529 he built the Royal Tennis Court at Hampton Court. These facts are recorded in a new volume (No. XVI.) of the Lonsdale Library, namely, "RACKETS, SQUASH RACKETS, TENNIS, FIVES, AND BADMINTON." Edited by Lord Aberdare. By E. M. Baerlein, Captain J. Tomkinson, E. Snell, Major T. Moss, David Egerton, John Armitage, Sir George A. Thomas, Bt. With 115 Illustrations (Seeley Service; 15s.). Like the rest of this excellent library, the present volume will doubtless rank as the standard authority on the games concerned. As compared with big-game hunting and blood sports generally, they may be considered tame by devotees of the gun, yet they have had their warlike associations. I need hardly mention the tennis-court episode of the French Revolution. Mr. Armitage also recalls an earlier instance from Shakespeare, a passage where Henry V., having just received a present of tennis-balls from the Dauphin, declares—

When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father's crown
into the hazard.



THE APPARATUS USED FOR TAKING THE 1-100,000TH-OF-A-SECOND SPARK PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED OPPOSITE AND OVERLEAF—IN THIS CASE, ARRANGED FOR PHOTOGRAPHING A BURSTING BUBBLE: THE AIR PISTOL THAT FIRES THE BULLET; THE BUBBLE; THE CONTACTOR MECHANISM WHICH ACTUATES THE FLASH; THE LIGHT-REFLECTOR; AND THE CAMERA (LEFT TO RIGHT).

Very striking results in the field of short-exposure photography have been achieved by Mr. Harold Edgerton and Mr. Kenneth Germeshausen, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and some remarkable examples of their work are illustrated opposite and on the following pages. Here we show the apparatus used to take the spark photographs in question. In the case of photographs of bubble-breaking, a bullet from a small air pistol breaks the bubble, and, passing through it, strikes a contactor mechanism which controls the operation of the flashlight. The contactor can be adjusted to give various time-lags, and so allow the picture to be taken at the desired stage of the breaking of the bubble.

monstrous fish, he mentions the legend of a stolen church bell (thrown into the lake during a storm) which, in popular belief, bestowed on the water medicinal properties. He recalls also that, on the day of the great Lisbon earthquake, the waters of the loch were violently agitated.

Sporting incidents in the life of a Viceroy of India, by way of relaxation from arduous duty, are described with unpretentious simplicity in a little book called "ON HILL AND PLAIN." By Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, K.G. With nineteen Illustrations (Murray; 7s. 6d.). Lord Hardinge, who, by the way, recently recalled his personal memories of King Edward originating the *Entente Cordiale* in Paris, emphasises here the value of sport in cultivating cordial relations with Indian rulers, among whom he made several close friendships. Viceregal sport, especially in tiger-shooting, is apt to be somewhat over-organised, but whenever possible Lord Hardinge evidently sought to break away from formality and indulge in hazardous adventure, notably in pig-sticking. He also describes the capture of wild elephants, and adds a chapter, from his earlier days at Teheran, on sport in Persia.

Two other volumes of sporting reminiscences which I can recommend as highly entertaining are "ROUND THE SMOKING-ROOM FIRE." A Collection of Sporting Adventures and Yarns. By C. E. Radclyffe, Major, late 1st Life Guards, author of "Big-Game Shooting in Alaska." Illustrated (Murray; 6s.); and "MY GUN AND I." A Book of Shooting Memories. By Lewis Carey. Illustrated (Philip Allan; 12s. 6d.). In both these books, humour is a strong element. Both authors have knocked about the world, and saw service in the South African and the Great War. During the latter, Major Radclyffe

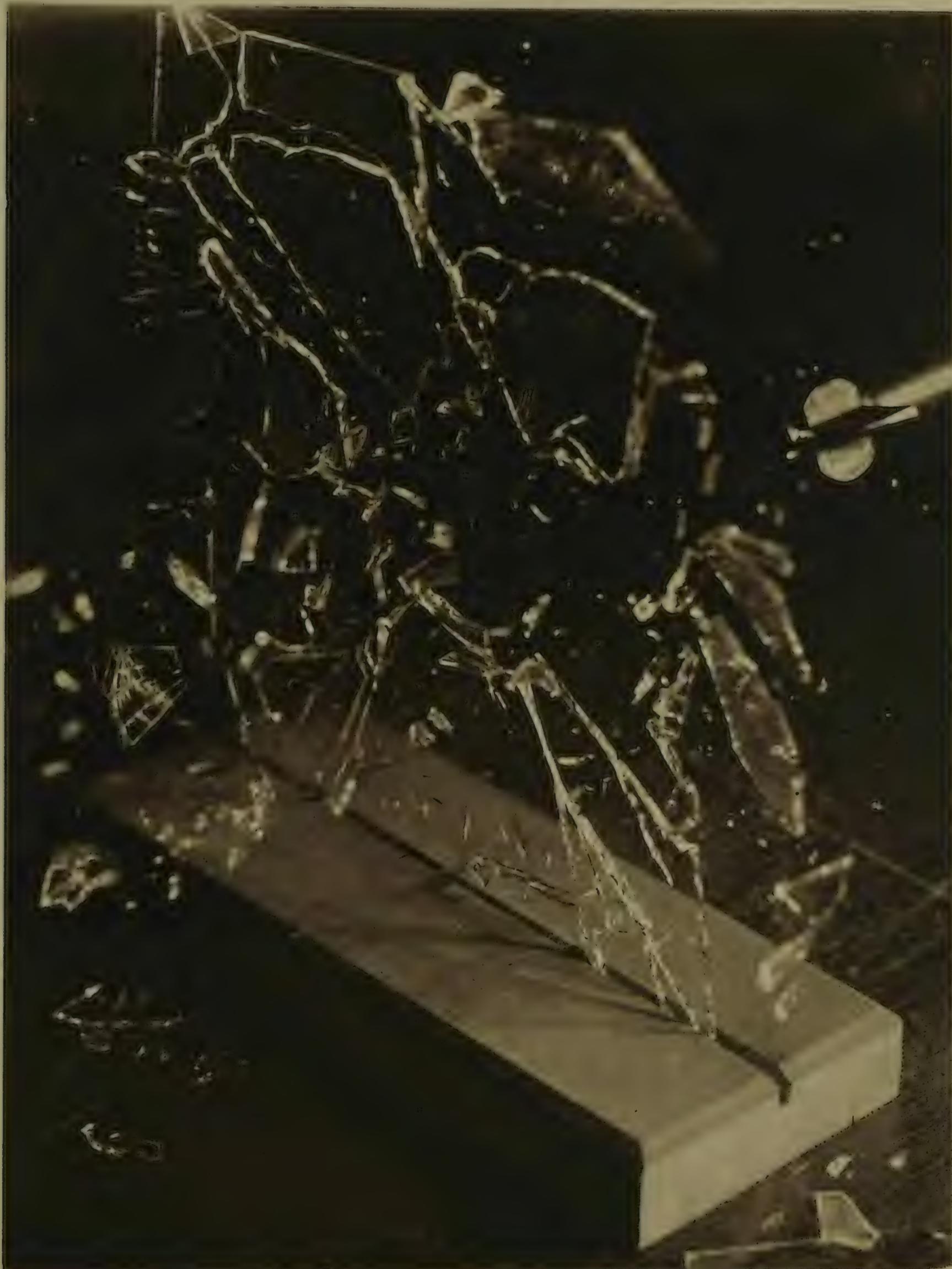
the reader a good deal. Here, then, is the little list: "FIFTY YEARS IN THE RING." By Gene Corri. With thirty-five Illustrations (Hutchinson; 15s.)—enthralling recollections by the prince of boxing referees; "THOSE WERE THE DAYS." By Atwood Clark. Illustrated by A. J. W. Burgess, R.I. (Philip Allan; 12s. 6d.)—memories of English country life before the days of motor-cars; "BEAGLING FOR BEGINNERS." By Dr. D. Jobson-Scott, M.C., M.D. With sixteen Illustrations (Hutchinson; 15s.); "THE DOG." By James Dickie. With 100 Illustrations (Hutchinson; 6s.)—a book comprising the author's *Daily Sketch* articles, "You and Your Dog"; and "THE LABRADOR RETRIEVER": Its History, Pedigrees, Strains, Points, Breeding and Management; with a List of Field Trials and Bench Champions. By Leslie Sprake ("Middle Wallop"). With a Chapter by Lord George Scott. Illustrated (Witherby; 6s.).

My list concludes with a trio of books on the quietest, but not the least exciting, of sports: "FLY-FISHING IN IRELAND." Some Practical Hints on Procedure, Locality, and New Methods of Fly Dressing. By Thomas J. Hanna. With Photographs and Text Figures (Witherby; 8s. 6d.); "THE ROVING ANGLER." By Herbert E. Palmer. With Wood-Engravings by Robert Gibbons (Dent; 6s.)—a friendly little book by a poet and man of letters, dedicated "to all true fishers and good hikers"; and, finally, "THE FISHERMAN'S VADE-MECUM." A Compendium of Precepts, Counsel, Knowledge and Experience in Most Matters Pertaining to Fishing for Trout, Sea Trout, Salmon and Pike. By G. W. Maunsell (Philip Allan; 12s. 6d.). All in all, the sportsman can hardly complain of being stinted in his literary "nose-bag."

C. E. B.

EXPOSURE—1-100,000TH OF A SECOND: AMAZING SPARK PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY H. E. EDGERTON AND K. GERMESHAUSEN.



THE MOMENT OF DISINTEGRATION—A PANE OF GLASS SHATTERED BY A BULLET.

Our readers will recall the examples of spark photography, reproduced in our issue of September 9, shown at the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition. Here and on the following pages we publish further examples of this photography by the same experimenters, Mr. Harold Edgerton and Mr. Kenneth Germeshausen, of

Cambridge, Massachusetts, pictures taken with an even shorter exposure than those previously illustrated—namely, one hundred-thousandth part of a second or less. We give on the following pages a short description of the technique used in this exceedingly interesting branch of photography.

SPARK-PHOTOGRAPHED: BUBBLES BURSTING; A BULLET IN FLIGHT; AND A GLASS OF MILK BREAKING.



AN EARLY STAGE IN THE BURSTING OF A BUBBLE: A 1/100,000TH-OF-A-SECOND PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT A VERY SHORT INTERVAL AFTER THE PASSAGE OF A BULLET THROUGH THE BUBBLE; THE BULLET GOING ON TO STRIKE THE CONTACTOR MECHANISM.



A SECOND STAGE IN THE BURSTING OF A BUBBLE; ONE-HALF OF IT RETAINING ITS SHAPE, WHILE THE OTHER HALF FALLS TO PIECES.



THE BUBBLE DISINTEGRATES; WITH NOTHING BUT WISPS OF MATTER LEFT HANGING FROM THE PIPE: A FINAL STAGE BEFORE ITS COMPLETE DISAPPEARANCE.



A BULLET FROM AN AIR PISTOL, TRAVELLING AT ABOUT 400 FEET PER SECOND AND STRIKING THE CONTACT-WIRES USED TO CAUSE THE FLASH: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WITH AN EXPOSURE OF UNDER 1/200,000TH OF A SECOND.



A SHADOW PICTURE OF THE BURSTING OF A BUBBLE DEPENDING FROM A PIPE—OBTAINED BY PLACING THE LIGHT BEHIND THE SUBJECT: THE FIRST STAGE AFTER THE PASSAGE OF A BULLET.



THE LINES ON A BUBBLE'S FILM MAKE A PATTERN AS IT BURSTS: THE SECOND STAGE—A REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT OF SPARK PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE END OF A BUBBLE BURST BY A BULLET; THE BULLET HAVING PASSED ON TO ESTABLISH AN ELECTRICAL CONTACT THAT TAKES THE PHOTOGRAPH.



A GLASS OF MILK BREAKING WHEN IT STRIKES THE FLOOR AFTER HAVING BEEN DROPPED FROM A HEIGHT OF FIVE FEET—THE GLASS SETTING UP THE CONTACT THAT FLASHES THE LIGHT.

These astonishing achievements of spark photography, like that illustrated on the preceding page, are the work of Mr. Harold E. Edgerton and Mr. Kenneth Germeshausen, of Massachusetts. Pictures of this type require, of course, very short exposure times—one fifty-thousandth of a second or less. To build a mechanical shutter giving such short exposures would be difficult, and if such a shutter were built, there would still be the problem of securing sufficient light to illuminate the subject. The method of taking these pictures was to use a short, brilliant flash of light, the total duration of which is the

length of exposure desired. With this type of light it is necessary only to open the shutter, flash the light, and then close the shutter again. To secure these intense flashes, electrical energy is stored in a condenser charged to 16,000 volts. This energy is suddenly released in a spark gap, giving a miniature flash of lightning and exposing the film. While the light is on, the illumination directed on the subject is about equivalent to that given by 20,000 500-watt bulbs. The apparatus operates from a 110-volt 60-cycle supply, and draws about 150 watts; but the instantaneous power is as high

as 15,000 or 20,000 kilowatts. This high rate of power dissipation is obtained by storing the energy in a condenser for ten seconds, and discharging it in one hundred-thousandth of a second or less. The intense illumination allows exposures to be made at small apertures, f/11 or less, with the resulting fine detail in the prints. It is necessary also to synchronize accurately the flash of light with the event to be photographed, so that exposure will be made at the proper time. The spark can be controlled by very minute amounts of electrical power, such as that obtained from a photocell, which

is stepped up by a pulse amplifier and applied to an igniting electrode in the spark gap. An electrical contact such as two small wires so placed that they will be pushed together by the subject (for instance, the falling glass of milk) is used for most pictures. The method employed for the bubble photographs is briefly described on page 772. It follows from that description that the whole series of photographs, even those showing the bubble still retaining its shape, was taken after the bullet had passed through the bubble. Obviously, a different bubble was used for the making of each picture.

OLD MASTERS OWNED BY EARL HOWE TO COME UNDER

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE OWNER AND OF THE AUCTIONEERS, MESSRS.



"A WINDING STREAM"—BY MEINDERT HOBBEWA. (1638–1709.)
(Signed. On Panel. 21 inches by 23.)



"A STORMY DAY OFF SCHEVENINGEN"—BY JACOB VAN RUISDAEL. (c. 1628–1682.)
(Signed with Monogram. 41 inches by 57.)



"AN OLD MAN WITH A RED CAP"—BY REMBRANDT VAN RYN. (1609–1669.)
(Painted c. 1650. Panel. 7½ inches by 6½.)



"PORTRAIT OF A MAN"—BY FRANS HALS. (1580–1666.)
(Panel. 24 inches by 19½.)



"A MAN WITH LONG WHITE HAIR"—BY REMBRANDT VAN RYN. (1609–1669.)
(Painted c. 1650. Panel. 9½ inches by 8.)



"A RIVER SCENE"—BY SALOMON VAN RUISDAEL. (c. 1660–1697.)
(Signed with Initials and Dated 1694. Panel. 30½ inches by 32.)



"MILKING TIME"—BY ALBERT CUYP. (1620–1691.)
(Panel. 18 inches by 28.)

Art treasures from Penn House, Amersham, Bucks, the property of Earl Howe, are to come under the hammer at Christie's on December 6, 7, and 8—silver on December 6; pictures by Old Masters on December 7; and English and French furniture on December 8. The recent owner of Penn House, who is famous as an amateur racing motorist, succeeded his father in the title four years ago. Before that, he was well known as Viscount Curzon. In connection with the Sale, it is interesting to quote a few lines from an article by Mr. A. C. R. Carter, in the "Daily Telegraph": "A romance of

inheritance was the genesis of these Howe possessions. They did not come from the famous Admirals associated with the Glorious First of June' in 1794, but from a friend and patron of Handel, Charles Jennings, known in his day as 'Solyman the Magnificent.' Admiral Earl Howe left no sons. His daughter, who was allowed to succeed him as Baroness Howe, married a relation of Charles Jennings, Penn Assheton Curzon, to whom Jennings bequeathed nearly everything, including the magnificent seat at Gopsall (where Handel had composed part of 'The Messiah'). . . . The son of Penn

THE HAMMER: TREASURES FROM A GREAT INHERITANCE.

CHRISTIE, MASON AND WOODS, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



"ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL SEEN FROM ADELPHI TERRACE: WITH OLD LONDON BRIDGE AND THE TOWER IN THE DISTANCE"—BY S. SCOTT. (1703–1772.)
(One of a Pair. 30 inches by 47.)



"RICHARD WILLIAM PENN, EARL HOWE, IN HUNTING COSTUME"—BY J. FERNELEY. (1781–1860.)
(44½ inches by 50.)



"SARAH SHAW CROSS, WIFE OF WILLIAM PENN"—BY F. VAN HEES.
(Pair with her Husband's Portrait. Signed and Dated 1756. 37½ inches by 24.)



"GEORGE FREDRICK HANDEL, THE COMPOSER"—BY HOGARTH. (1697–1754.)
(48 inches by 37.)



"WILLIAM PENN, ESQ.—BY F. VAN HEES.
(Pair with his Wife's Portrait. Signed and Dated 1756. 27½ inches by 24.)



"THE INFANT SAVIOUR ASLEEP"—
BY B. E. MURILLO. (c. 1618–1682.)
(55½ inches by 42.)



"THE INTERIOR OF A TAVERN"—BY ADRIAEN VAN OOSTADE.
(1619–1685.)
(Panel. 12½ inches by 10.)



"A YOUNG PEASANT WOMAN SEWING"—
BY ADRIAEN VAN OOSTADE. (1619–1685.)
(Panel. 8½ inches by 6½.)

Assheton Curzon and Baroness Howe was created Earl Howe in 1821, and he and successive holders of the title added other treasures. Yet the main provenance is of the Jennings ownership." With regard to George Frederick

Handel, it may be noted that in the very interesting Hogarth portrait here reproduced, the famous composer is shown as a young man, holding a book inscribed "Xandi's Feast: An Ode set to Musick by Mr. Handel."

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



THE TUDOR WENCH: BEATRIX LEHMANN.

BEATRIX LEHMANN; we had all often seen her, and every time in every part that contained the faintest glimmer of life she left an impression. There was something definite, some intellectual penetration in her work, that somehow clung to memory. The part may have been long since forgotten, but the silhouette survived in outline, for the actress had a definite personality, and her particular gift was the expression of sorrow, of discontent with life, of the *femme incomprise*. So we expected much of her when we went to the Embassy to witness that extremely clever play, "The Tudor Wench," written, as we found out on the first night, by a very charming young lady who, for her age, displayed a remarkable gift of stagecraft, of characterisation, and of historical knowledge, to say nothing of what I would call Freudian emotions. And our hope and wish were not blighted. Almost at once, when Miss Beatrix Lehmann appeared, a wisp of a girl, in the throes of adolescence—not linea pretty but with a commanding mien, a dignified manner—and manifested her suppressed endurance under the yoke of convention, her ill-concealed longing for the day when her passive part could become a dominating one, and her burgeoning passion which found submissive but eager response in her page, we saw the broad outline of a fine characterisation. Anon, when the page, in a duel with Catherine Parr's second husband, who desired the Virgin Queen and was stirred by jealousy, almost lost his life, passion broke loose in unbridled fervour, and was not subdued until the coming Queen was reminded of her *noblesse oblige*. Then she remembered her station; she remembered that she was a daughter of Henry VIII., in whose veins flowed turbulent blood exacting submissiveness and innately compelled to command, and the little Queen became a woman, and, suddenly, she realised what love meant, with a wild desire to drain its cup. The scene, most delicately played by Miss Beatrix Lehmann and Mr. Derrick de Marney, is one of the most telling in the play. True, it destroys the legend of Elizabeth's vaunted virginity, but in its poetic licence it condones the variation of history.

But there was still climax to come. The page had been foully murdered at the instigation of Catherine's husband, who still hunted Elizabeth. Her living with Catherine became intolerable. Her saddened, lonely soul yearned for outlet. To the outer world she betrayed no grief. Again she found inspiration in the image and the precepts of her sire. She was destined to rule, not to watch over a broken heart; she had to plan and to guide the future of that precious heritage all her own—England. And so, with a stiff upper lip, with an air of lofty supremacy, with a regal sway of skirts, she, accompanied by her faithful old nurse, went forth to a palace of her own, where in quietude she could cope with the vast programme of her coming sovereignty. This last episode, in contrast to Elizabeth's romance, revealed an entirely new personality. Beatrix Lehmann grew by inches, and every inch added to her commanding appearance; her tone deepened and became more loftily imperious; she was no longer the "Tudor Wench," she was the steward of a nation's future in full awareness of her mission. There is but one word for this achievement of a young actress—that word is "brilliant" in the radiation of yet greater things to come.



"THE TUDOR WENCH," ELSWYTH THANE'S PLAY AT THE EMBASSY THEATRE: SIR THOMAS SEYMOUR FIGHTS FOULLY DURING A FENCING MATCH AND WOUNDS FERNANDO AUBREY, PAGE IN ELIZABETH'S HOUSEHOLD AT CHELSEA.

The Princess Elizabeth, afterwards Queen, is the Tudor wench of the title, and is fifteen at the time of the action. The part is played at the Embassy by Beatrix Lehmann. The chief characters in the photograph are (from left to right) Elizabeth; Dowager-Queen Catherine Parr (Mollie Hartley Milburn); Fernando Aubrey (Derrick de Marney); and Sir Thomas Seymour (John Laurie). Miss Thane's play is a dramatisation of some fifty pages of her long book of the same title.

or the outline of a dancer's life in "Ballerina"; it embraces the Shakespeare Festival at the Chiswick Empire or "As You Like It" at the Phoenix; it covers those Tudor romances, "The Tudor Wench" at the Embassy and the revival of "The Rose Without a Thorn" at the Duke of York's; it includes, too, the popular melodramas, "The Wandering Jew" at the Prince's, and "The Bells" at the Savoy; and it finds a place for that gracious Spanish comedy, "The Lady from Alfaqueque," revived at the Westminster. The list is by no means exhaustive, for if we accept Ruritania as a province, then must we include such light, gay pieces as "Command Performance" at the Saville and that witty adventure, "Nymph Errant," at the Adelphi.

In all these productions we have employed with effect, the arts of the scene designer and costumier, and moved away from the close portrayal of everyday life. Colour

lends a glamour of its own, and when that is wedded to historical association it becomes more than decoration. It is a welcome tendency, inasmuch as it not only affords wider scope to the pictorial artist, but offers more latitude to the players themselves. They are not tightly laced within the sophistications of drawing-room comedy or under the iron discipline of photographic portraiture. There is a freedom of movement and gesture, a horizon that period and costume allow, since romance itself is less tied than fact. The playgoer is kindled with glimpses of the unfamiliar, and this itself brings its own delights. In a word, the very nature of such ventures away from the grim, matter-of-fact realities imbues the stage with glamour.

Yet not all the arts of the designer, nor the cunning of the craftsman who reconstructs history, can make a play that will hold the attention and engage the sympathies unless our interest is focussed on vital characters. All the skill of production can only result in spectacle unless the narrative and the action turn on human emotion and experience. That achieved, we feel that, though times change and fashions alter, human nature remains fundamentally the same. We are moved by the struggles of the idealistic Richard against the stiff-necked councillors who surround him; we are engrossed by the conflicting ties and family relationships of the Brontës; we overlook the slenderness of the tale in our delight in "The Tudor Wench" herself; and we are fascinated by the complexity of Henry VIII.'s nature and of his love for "The Rose Without a Thorn." It is the vividness which the actor, Martin Harvey, gives to Mathias, the Polish Jew, which redeems the crudities of "The Bells"; and it is the graceful humour and rhythm that lend their charm to "The Lady from Alfaqueque." Even in such light fare as "Nymph Errant" it is the power which Miss Gertrude Lawrence brings of dowering personality which gives her adventures spice and vitality, and Mr. Rodney Ackland's ability to draw a living Ballerina that is the play's strength. Beneath the costume we see the human being; the struggles, hopes and fears, the laughter and the tears, of men like ourselves.

For if we search to find the kernel of interest in any play, we do not find it in the settings or the pictures.



"MORNING GLORY"—WITH KATHARINE HEPBURN: EVA LOVELACE (KATHARINE HEPBURN) MEETS AN OLD-TIME ACTOR (AUBREY SMITH) AND ASKS HIM TO TEACH HER ELOCUTION.

"Morning Glory," an R.K.O. Radio picture, is at the London Coliseum. It is a story of back-stage life. Miss Hepburn, who plays the actress-heroine, is to be the youthful Elizabeth in the screen version of "The Tudor Wench."



MAURICE CHEVALIER IN THE NEW FILM, "THE WAY TO LOVE"—WITH ANN DVORAK: A SCENE FROM THE PICTURE AT THE CARLTON THEATRE.

In the new Paramount picture, "The Way to Love," Maurice Chevalier plays François, assistant to Professor Bibi, a "heart specialist." Ann Dvorak is Madeleine, assistant to a knife-thrower. The pair fall in love. After other adventures, François sees Madeleine acting as a target for her employer's knives, knocks out that performer, and marries the girl of his choice.

Scenery and costume play their part, and no mean one; but only when characterisation is there. Character may be innate in the play, or imposed by the personality of the player, but without that dramatic centre there is no play. It may be embodied in any period or expressed in any technique—have we not recently seen Schiller's dignity in an outworn frame?—so long as the figures who tread the stage are human. There is the virtue of that charming and quiet comedy, "The Wind and the Rain," at the St. Martin's. It has none of the glamorous aids which period romances can claim, nor the excitements of history or biography to heighten its effects. It displays no melodramatic gestures, nor does it indulge in brittle, witty, artificial sophistications. This is realistic comedy, simple and sincere, and full of pulsating life. It subtly analyses the mind and heart of a young student torn 'twixt conflicting loves, and it is adorned by the persuasive beauty and poignancy of Miss Celia Johnson's art. Not an ambitious play, nor even an exciting play, yet wholly delightful in its humour, its animated dialogue, and its convincing emotion. Here we are far removed from the period play and in the sphere of realistic comedy, but we are still at one with that drama which beats out life, whatever the period or the place, because its texture is woven from the observation and absorption of human experience.

POLITICAL AND OTHER NEWS OF THE WEEK: PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS.



THE MALTESE CABINET; DISMISSED BY THE GOVERNOR FOR "DELIBERATELY PURSUING" A POLICY CONTRARY TO THE SPIRIT OF THE CONSTITUTION: A GROUP WHICH INCLUDES SIR UGO MIFSUD, THE HEAD OF THE MINISTRY (THIRD FROM LEFT).

On instructions from the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Sir David Campbell, Governor of Malta, dismissed the Nationalist Malta Ministry on November 2. This step was taken on account of the Ministry's Italianising and extravagant policy. Our photograph shows (left to right) Dr. C. Mifsud Bonnici; Dr. Mizzi; Sir Ugo Mifsud (Justice, Trade, and Customs); Dr. G. Adami; Mr. S. Borg Olivier; and Mr. G. Micallef. The crisis was received calmly in the island.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN EDINBURGH: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS AT THE NEW WORKERS' COLLEGE RECENTLY OPENED BY SIR JAMES BARRIE.

On November 2, the second and final day of the Prince of Wales's stay in Edinburgh, his Royal Highness paid a visit to the new institution for the instruction of working-class adults. With him in the photograph are (left to right) Lord Provost W. J. Thomson; Miss Grace Drysdale, the Warden of the College; Professor D. P. D. Wilkie, the donor of the building (on the Prince's left); and students who were receiving boxing instruction.



SIR DAVID CAMPBELL.

Governor of Malta. Dismissed the Malta Ministry on November 2, dissolved Parliament, suspended the Constitution, and himself took over entire control of the internal administration of the island.



LADY HEWART.

Wife of the Lord Chief Justice, whom she married (when he was Mr. Gordon Hewart) in 1892. Collapsed and died when attending the Lady Mayoress's last reception of the season at the Mansion House on November 2.



SIR GEORGE MAKINS.

Distinguished surgeon, particularly of war wounds. Died November 2; aged eighty. Surgeon at St. Thomas's Hospital; and, later, Dean of the Medical School. Elected President of the Royal College of Surgeons, 1917.



MR. GEORGE PIRIE, R.S.A.

Elected President of the Royal Scottish Academy, in succession to Sir George Washington Browne, who has resigned. Was made an Associate in 1913, and an Academician in 1923. Subjects chiefly animals and birds.



MR. KENNETH LINDSAY.

Returned as National Labour Member for Kilmarnock in the by-election caused by Mr. Craigie Aitchison's elevation to the Scottish Judicial Bench. Had a majority of 2653 over the Labour candidate.



DR. F. J. WALDO.

For thirty years (1901-32) Coroner for the City of London and Southwark. Died November 2; aged eighty-one. Author of numerous reports and other publications on public health and the history of his office.



A ROYAL CONFERENCE ON THE DANUBE: KING BORIS OF BULGARIA (LEFT) AND KING CAROL OF RUMANIA AT PORT RAMADAN.

King Boris arrived at Ruschuk on October 30, and proceeded to Port Ramadan, Giurgiu, Rumania, to meet King Carol. Our photograph shows them inspecting the Guard of Honour; with Dr. Vaida Voievod, the Rumanian Prime Minister, on the right. Bulgarian crowds at Ruschuk and Rumanians at Port Ramadan gave both Sovereigns a hearty welcome. A second meeting has been arranged for January.



CANDIDATES IN THE SKIPTON BY-ELECTION: MR. J. RUSHTON (COM.); MR. J. P. DAVIES (LAB.); MR. G. W. RICKARDS (CON.); AND MR. R. C. DENBY (LIB.)—L. TO R. Polling in the Skipton (Yorkshire) by-election took place on November 7, and the declaration was expected the following day. At the last election the Conservative candidate had a majority of nearly 15,000 over the Labour candidate in a straight fight; but the by-election was a "four-cornered" contest. Mr. Eden, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, spoke for the Conservative candidate at Skipton and Barnoldswick on November 3.



THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE TURKISH REPUBLIC: KEMAL PASHA (CENTRE) AND ISMET PASHA, PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL (RIGHT), WATCHING THE PARADE OF TROOPS.

A great parade took place on the race-course at Angora on October 29 to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the Turkish Republic. Soldiers, sailors, Boy Scouts, schoolchildren, students, and peasants for three hours marched past the saluting base, where stood the Ghazi, Mustapha Kemal Pasha, attended by his Cabinet Ministers and delegations from foreign countries. In our last issue we illustrated the celebrations at the Turkish Embassy in Berlin.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

LOWESTOFT PORCELAIN.

By FRANK DAVIS.



A SALE at Sotheby's on Nov. 17 is a sufficient excuse for a note about a small country factory which made a reasonable stir in the world for about fifty years, and, by an odd mistake, was much later given the credit for a vast output which it never attempted and was quite incapable of producing. Up to the beginning of this century, everybody used to call those interesting armorial dinner services so dear to the hearts of our ancestors of about 1800, "Lowestoft," merely because their decoration and appearance bore some resemblance to indubitable Lowestoft pieces. We know now, of course, that the designs for such things were sent out to China, and that the services were made there by Chinese artisans and shipped back to England: the only thing English about them was the coat of arms with the family motto; and I have before now illustrated one or two amusing examples in which the Chinese painter has reproduced not only the design but the written directions, thinking they were part of the device.

Lowestoft porcelain proper (the old name, by the way, still sticks to Chinese Armorial Porcelain in the jargon of the trade) is not very distinguished and by no means technically perfect; so that it is not surprising that the factory was unable to survive the competition of the much more efficient wares of Staffordshire: but it has the charm which is inseparable from the beginnings

of almost any industry, and very rightly and properly has always made a special appeal to natives of East Anglia. The collection to be sold at Sotheby's belongs to the Secretary of State for India in the present Government, Sir Samuel Hoare, and was formed by his father mainly between the years 1887 and 1889. Some of the pieces have not been published in any of the standard authorities.

The *locus classicus* for the amateur of Lowestoft is a paper read to the English Porcelain Circle in 1929 by Mr. A. J. B. Kiddell and published in the "Transactions" of the Circle dated 1931. A brief notice such as this can do no more than indicate a few of the more intriguing types. Of these, the little birthday plaques—the largest is 4½ inches in diameter—are undeniably attractive. As many of them bear the names of families which are known to have been connected with the factory, it is possible that they were not made for the general public. The obverse is usually decorated with flowers or figures—the example illustrated (Fig. 5), from the Colman collection is, I believe, unique. It must, of course, have been made in 1795 to commemorate the death of one child and the birth of the other. Dated examples prove that the plaques were made during at least thirty-eight years from 1761.

Seaside resorts did not devise their pretty trick

of selling souvenirs during Victorian times—the custom is much older, and some of the most popular products of the factory are various little objects inscribed "A Trifle from Lowestoft." Mugs are the most common, but there are also flasks, inkstands, cream-jugs, and teapots. The business went beyond

in many books on the subject. Thomas Curtis, who painted it, gave it to his father and mother, James and Mary; from him it descended to his son, C. J. M. Curtis, at the sale of whose effects in 1887 it passed to the Hoare collection, and now once more comes on the market. Another item in the sale is a beaker inscribed "ONLEY HARVEY 1798," of particular interest, as its decoration is of the type associated with the closing years of the factory, when Staffordshire ware was bought and painted in typical Lowestoft style.

Transfer printing was in general use before 1772, and the "Sportsman" mug of Fig. 3 is the most ambitious example recorded. It is a quaint production: the gentleman holds his gun across his shoulder by the barrel and is putting up a very parrot-like partridge (not seen in the illustration). There is a tradition that the print was supplied by Mr. Gamble, of Bungay, and the mug is therefore well known to collectors as "The Gamble Sportsman Mug." There are many other transfer-printed pieces recorded, notably a fine mug belonging to Lord Fisher, showing a view of the High Light on the Cliff, the old fishermen's homes, the Low Light on the Beach, and ships in the roadstead: made for Mr. Davey, Superintendent of the Lighthouses, probably to commemorate the new type of light fixed by Trinity House in 1778. The panel containing the view is surmounted by the arms and motto of Trinity House.

There are numerous cups and saucers imitating Chinese designs (*famille rose*), all reasonably well done; but much more interesting, because they are of purely native inspiration, are certain plates advertising local worthies. Thomas Bonner, for example, Carrier of Halesworth, has a plate made for him—or more likely a gross—inscribed with his name and the date 1764, and decorated with a painting of four horses drawing a wagon towards an inn, which is none other than the Three Tuns at Halesworth; while Henry Trull, whose name appears frequently in the advertisement columns of the *Norwich Gazette*, is represented in the Colman collection by the plate of Fig. 4, inscribed "Trulls—Best—Virginia—Norwich—October 14th—1766," and painted with the figure of a man hoeing a tobacco-field.

It is often difficult to distinguish between Lowestoft and Bow pieces, for the latter were often copied and there seems to have been an interchange of painters. There was no official Lowestoft mark, but the proprietors had no scruple in copying the marks of better-known places. There exists, for example, a whole Lowestoft service marked with the Worcester crescent, and the famous crossed swords of Meissen are found on certain pieces.

I am asked to say that the turned chair, dating from about 1600 and made of yew, which was illustrated in my article of November 4, has changed hands, having passed from Messrs. Mallett and Son to Mr. Frank Partridge, of King St., St. James's, S.W.



1. THE "SOUVENIR" TYPE OF POTTERY, ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR PRODUCTS OF THE LOWESTOFT FACTORY: AN INKSTAND INSCRIBED "A TRIFLE FROM LOWESTOFT."

the town's boundaries, for Trifles were made for Bungay, Hingham, Lynn, Wangford, and Yarmouth. A few later pieces are in existence inscribed "A Trifle Show Respect," sometimes accompanied by names, initials, or dates. Fig. 1 is a good example.

Fig. 2, the "James and Mary Curtis" mug, is a famous piece, known to all collectors and illustrated



4. A PIECE OF LOWESTOFT PORCELAIN MADE, PERHAPS, FOR "ADVERTISING" PURPOSES, AND SHOWING A MAN WORKING IN A TOBACCO FIELD: A BOWL INSCRIBED "TRULLS—BEST—VIRGINIA—NORWICH—OCTOBER 14TH—1766"; TRULL BEING A WELL-ESTABLISHED TOBACCONIST IN THE LATTER TOWN. (COLMAN COLLECTION.)



3. AN EXAMPLE OF TRANSFER PRINTING ON LOWESTOFT PORCELAIN: THE "SPORTSMAN" MUG; INSCRIBED "P. J. AND M. 1783." Nos. 1, 2, and 3 reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, New Bond Street, W.1.



5. A UNIQUE EXAMPLE OF LOWESTOFT PORCELAIN, PRODUCED BY A FACTORY WHICH WORKED FOR SOME FIFTY YEARS BEFORE IT WAS FORCED TO CLOSE DOWN BY STAFFORDSHIRE COMPETITION: A BLUE-PAINTED PLAQUE (FROM THE COLMAN COLLECTION) COMMEMORATING THE BIRTH OF ONE CHILD ON THE FRONT (LEFT) AND THE DEATH OF ANOTHER ON THE BACK.



A HISTORIC EVENT IN UGANDA—THE SIGNING OF THE BUNYORO AGREEMENT: SIR BERNARD BOURDILLON, THE GOVERNOR, AND THE MUKAMA ENTERING THE RUKURATO (THE NATIVE PARLIAMENT) AT HOIMA.

On October 23, an agreement was signed between the Uganda Government and the native Government of Bunyoro. By this, the Mukama is recognised as the native ruler, subject to the loyal co-operation of his subjects and himself with the Governor in all matters of administration. In an address, the Governor stated that the Bunyoro would be consulted before the passing of any legislation regarding land occupation.



A DRAMATIC FIGURE AT THE REICHSTAG FIRE TRIAL IN BERLIN: GENERAL GÖRING, PREMIER OF PRUSSIA, BEING QUESTIONED ON THE OCCASION ON WHICH HE RAGED AGAINST DIMITROFF, ONE OF THE ACCUSED BULGARIANS.

During the Reichstag fire trial, in Berlin, on November 4, General Göring, Premier of Prussia, Reich Air Minister, Speaker of the Reichstag, and General of Reichwehr and Police, was called as a witness. During the proceedings he had an astonishing verbal encounter with Dimitroff, who was hustled out of the Court—for the fifth time—while the General shouted after him.



THE REVOLT IN SIAM : A GOVERNMENT ARMoured RAILWAY-WAGON AFTER IT HAD BEEN WRECKED BY AN EMPTY LOCOMOTIVE SENT DOWN THE LINE BY THE REBELS.

The rebels attacked the wagon by sending an empty locomotive down the line, to collide with it at full speed. Some soldiers were killed; and, as the photograph shows well, the wagon was wrecked. As the "Times" pointed out the other day: "A trustworthy source in Bangkok describes Siam at present as a country at sixes and sevens, ruled by force and fear. Hostilities between rebels and Government troops continue in the north-eastern and most inaccessible part of the country, but are confined largely to guerilla fighting."

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



A HUGE WIND-TUNNEL UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT SOUTH FARNBOROUGH FOR THE R.A.F.; FOR EXPERIMENTS WITH FULL-SIZE AIRCRAFT: THE SUCTION END; WITH WHIRL-CORRECTING PLATES.

Our readers will be familiar with experiments in comparatively small wind-tunnels for testing model aeroplanes. The huge wind-tunnel under construction at South Farnborough for the R.A.F. will enable experiments to be made with full-size aircraft. Air will be driven through it at 120 miles an hour. The fixed plates so prominent in the photograph will correct the whirl from the gigantic fan.



THE RESTORED ST. MARY REDCLIFFE CHURCH, BRISTOL—"PERFECT FLOWER OF OUR ENGLISH GOTHIC ARTISTRY": THE BUILDING FLOOD-LIT FOR THE THANKSGIVING.

St. Mary Redcliffe Church has been restored at a cost of nearly £100,000; thanks to Lord Dulverton, who bore the cost of the work on the exterior—some £85,000—and the Canynges Society, who paid for the renovation of the interior. A Festival of Thanksgiving, in which the Archbishop of Canterbury and eight Bishops took part, was held on November 3. The church dates back to the twelfth century, but only the north porch represents the original building. The structure was completed in 1380. Its form to-day is practically what it was in the last days of Edward III. The Archbishop of Canterbury described it as "the perfect flower of our English Gothic artistry, abiding fresh and fair after a lapse of 550 years."

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

A REMARKABLE VIOLINIST.

AT the last B.B.C. Symphony Concert the musical public had an opportunity of hearing one of the finest of living violinists who is very little known in this country. I refer to Carl Flesch, who has only visited London twice since the war, once to play at a Courtauld-Sargent concert, and once at a B.B.C. Chamber Concert. He is a Hungarian by birth, but has for many years resided in Berlin, where he is Professor of the Violin at the famous State High School of Music. Of all living violinists that I have heard, Flesch deserves most to be considered as the greatest exponent of the classical school. His playing, technically, is superb, and simply unrivalled to-day for ease, breadth, and maturity. He uses the whole bow, and his command of tone-colour and of the gradations of tone is remarkable. If one asks oneself why it is such a pleasure to watch Flesch as well as to hear him play, the answer is that he has the most correct, the perfect, style. It is not surprising, therefore, that he is world-renowned as a teacher.

Of his performance of the Beethoven Violin Concerto the other night I can only say that it was an example of the ripest and most satisfying art, and that it would have been the outstanding item in a programme of far greater excellence. As it was, Flesch's playing, both in conception and execution, made the performances of the Haydn and Mendelssohn symphonies sound very commonplace. I was pleased to observe that the string players of the orchestra

appreciated the superb quality of his performance with a genuine enthusiasm.

BEECHAM AND BEETHOVEN.

The third concert of the Royal Philharmonic Society was conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. The programme was a curious mixture, containing

composer; critics and society gossips combine to write and to talk ecstatically of him as another Beethoven or Wagner. It is strange that this contemporary need for a hero should show itself in the world of music. My strong personal opinion is that Sir Edward Elgar is at least as important a composer as Sibelius, and nobody—except, perhaps, Mr. Bernard Shaw—puts Elgar in the same class with Beethoven. I have heard all the works of Sibelius that have been played in this country, and I consider that there is not one of them which can claim the respect and admiration of musicians to the degree that we must give respect and admiration to Elgar's "Enigma" Variations and his "Falstaff." I believe that in twenty years musicians everywhere will put Sibelius in the same category as Grieg—who also had a tremendous vogue in his day. Sibelius may not incorporate actual folk-song themes into his music, but, like Grieg's, it owes its seeming originality to the fact that it is steeped in local colour, and has all the rhapsodical and repetitive elements of folk music.

Sir Thomas Beecham conducted superbly and gave one of the most thrilling performances of the "Eroica" Symphony that I can remember. The funeral march was particularly effective, and completely justified his somewhat original conception of this movement. There is no doubt that Sir Thomas is going from good to better as a conductor, for he is acquiring more solidity, breadth, and balance

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W. J. TURNER.



THE EXHIBITION OF WAR-DISABLED MEN'S WORK OPENED BY THE MINISTER OF HEALTH: SIR HILTON YOUNG, WITH LADY YOUNG, INSPECTING A DOLL'S HOUSE IN THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

Sir Hilton Young formally opened the seventh Exhibition and Sale of Goods made by war-disabled soldiers, sailors, and airmen, at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, on November 3, the day after her Majesty the Queen had paid a visit to it. The Minister of Health said that no fewer than twenty-seven factories and associations were collaborating to display their wares. The Exhibition will remain open until November 23, from 11 to 5.30. Admission is free; and it is hoped that a large number of people will take the opportunity to buy Christmas presents. The goods on show vary in price from 1d. to £100.

a little-known but lively overture, "La Scala di Seta," by Rossini; Sibelius's tone-poem, "Tapiola"; a Sinfonia Concertante by Mozart; and the "Eroica" Symphony. Sibelius is to-day the most fashionable

without losing his brilliance, and it was particularly satisfying to hear him play the Mozart without pulling the rhythm to pieces by excessive nuance and refinement.

W. J. TURNER.

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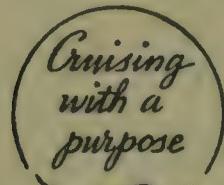
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"LADIES' NIGHT," AT THE ALDWYCH.

THIS is a farce of the type that was out of date even in the days when the late Sir Charles Wyndham was playing "Pink Dominoes" at the Criterion. Needless to say, Mr. Sydney Howard does not play the rôle of the erring husband on similarly dashing lines. Rather, indeed, as one who has not been born a scamp, but has had scampishness thrust upon him. In his own style he is immensely funny, and gives great point to the lines of his authors (of whom he can boast four!). Many of these lines, it must be said, owe their presence in the play to a gift of memory, but a fair proportion are certainly the outcome of native wit. Mr. Sydney Howard is equally at home whether he is handling the modern jape of a *nouveau riche*, confronted with a backless dress waistcoat, deciding that in the interests of decency he will be unable to sit down to dinner with his coat off; or putting over such a Joe Millerism as: "If you were my husband I'd shoot you!"—If you were my wife I'd let you." The trouble is that the plot is so old that we hear its joints creaking before it has fairly got under weigh. From the moment the three leading male characters decide they would rather attend a certain fancy-dress ball than go to the theatre with their wives, we know the worst—or, rather, the best—the authors can do. The dance-hall is raided by the police, and our heroes, fleeing

by way of a fire-escape, find their way into a Turkish Bath. The title of the play, "Ladies' Night," has already, from the first glance at the programme, nerved us to face a scene as nudistic as the Censor will allow. Mr. Sydney Howard works very hard in this act, and, though laughter was fairly hearty on the first night, it may be that subsequent and less sophisticated audiences will find little to be amused at in a comedian masquerading as a woman in such surroundings. Sparkling dialogue and unexpected situations might have achieved all the authors hoped, but, as written, this act never rose above the level of a twice-nightly provincial revue. No one expects wit in a farce, least of all Mr. Sydney Howard, and in a less degree Mr. Austin Melford, who wrote it. They are both accomplished hands at getting laughs without lines, but comedians must be provided with situations if they are to get those satisfying roars that assure them of a six-months' run.

"GAY DIVORCE," AT THE PALACE.

For a musical comedy, Mr. Dwight Taylor's "book" is unusually polished, and need not greatly fear comparison with the work of Mr. Noel Coward or Mr. Frederick Lonsdale. It is somewhat on the *risqué* side, but the situations are so delicately and wittily handled that it is unlikely to offend the most strait-laced. Mimi, unhappily married to a geologist, engages, through her solicitor, the services of a "professional," but strictly platonic, co-respondent, hoping to force her husband to divorce her. How she

mistakes a man who has fallen in love with her at first sight for the hired person is suggested with a fair amount of credibility. There is an amusing scene in the bed-room when the professional gentleman arrives, and indignantly refuses to withdraw in favour of one who is not a member of his union. One of the funniest moments is when he sings over the telephone an operatic good-night to his loved wife and children. Mr. Erik Rhodes, who plays this part, has an exceptionally good voice; the only one of much quality in the company. He also has a sense of humour that reminds one of the late Maurice Farka, and is, in addition, a nimble dancer. Mr. Cole Porter's music is always melodious, and occasionally unusual, while his lyrics are consistently witty. One number, admirably spoken by Miss Olive Blakeney, daringly describes the shortage of fur coats that would follow if animals imitated certain sections of fashionable society. Miss Blakeney gives point to every line, and her impromptu dance, when she entered and found she had intruded on an unexpected encore, was a joy to behold. Mr. Fred Astaire, who can sing well enough, act slightly better, and dance superlatively, is well partnered by Miss Claire Luce; their duet, "Night and Day," with its original dance, gained a double encore, and then left the audience unsatisfied. The dancing, both of the chorus and the principals, was, as one had anticipated, extremely fine. Lighting, staging, and costumes delightful. An entertainment certain to please those in search of the amusing and unconventional.

The pleasures and the benefits that attend those who travel on a cruising liner have often been the subject of illustrations in our pages. The rigours of winter turn the mind to the South; a voyage such as that undertaken by the P. and O. liner *Viceroy of India* to the West Indies and South America becomes doubly attractive. This consists of a forty-five days' cruise, lasting from Dec. 29 to Feb. 12. In two days the ship will be in the sunshine and warmth of southerly seas, half-way to Madeira. The *Viceroy of India* is propelled by turbo-electric machinery—the latest system of marine propulsion—and has mechanical ventilation throughout. The majority of her cabins are of the single-berth variety; and she has handsome suites, each with its own bath-room. The romantic associations of the *Viceroy of India*'s cruising-ground—St. Vincent, Barbados, Trinidad, Brazil, Sierra Leone, and Gibraltar—hardly need pointing out. The Spanish Main, with its vivid colouring and its history of conquistadores, buccaneers, seadogs, and pirates; the trade-winds, once the avenue of the much-coveted slave-trade; the heroes—Columbus, Drake, Hawkins; the scoundrels—Morgan (buccaneer and Deputy Governor of Jamaica) and Dampier (afterwards the great explorer); the empire-builders—Admiral Penn, de Grasse, Prince Henry the Navigator; what need we say more to show that there is food for the imagination, as well as health and recuperation for the body, on the *Viceroy of India*'s cruising-ground?

In coming to the decision to rebuild Westminster Hospital on a new site, the Governors have taken the responsibility of a step whose importance will not escape our readers. The present main hospital building was erected just 100 years ago; to-day the main building is quite inadequate to meet the demands upon its services, and there is no adjoining site available. The Governors have been fortunate in obtaining an option, until March 31 next, upon a splendid site which has become available in Westminster, close to the present hospital and eminently suited for its purpose. The site overlooks St. John's Gardens. To carry out the scheme, the sum of £350,000 is needed—£300,000 for the hospital, and £50,000 for the Medical School—of which the first instalment of not less than £100,000 must be available by March 31 next. The hospital is earnestly appealing to the charitable for help. Donations may be made payable to "The Treasurer of Westminster Hospital," Broad Sanctuary, Westminster, S.W.1.

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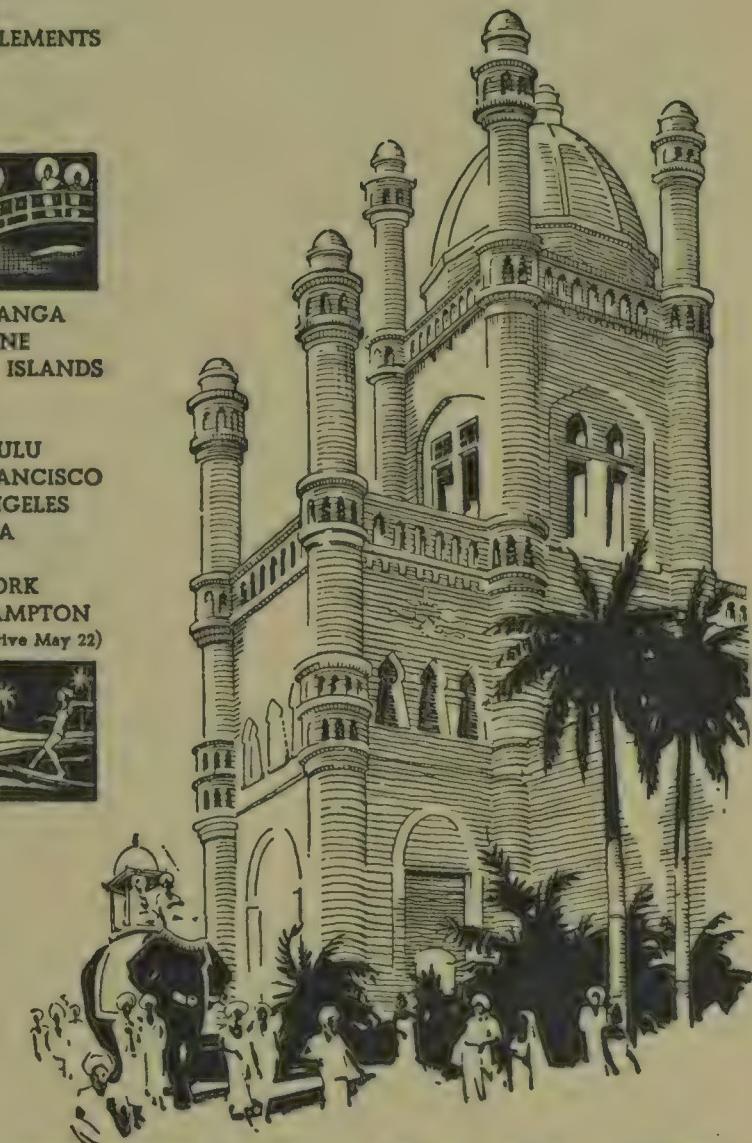


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Some are better than others, in the opinion of some folk; but there, again, opinions differ strongly, so there is no hard-and-fast rule to go by; which is just as well in these days of high competition. But, while there are but four choices in the under-£150 car market, there are no fewer than twenty different cars from which to pick your fancy if you have £200 to spend. Personally, I think this is marvellous, considering that for this sum the motorist has a choice from two-, four-, and six-cylinder motors rated from 7 h.p. to 12 h.p. I have always laid down the axiom that one should buy the biggest car which can be afforded, as the larger the car the greater is the travelling comfort; and I still adhere to that principle. But in the £200-class cars it takes considerable tax on one's judgment to decide which individual make of car comes into that position.

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I still think that the Hillman Minx is the roomiest of the 10-h.p. four-cylinder cars at its price of £159 for the saloon; but the Singer 12 h.p., Renault 12 h.p., and Austin 12 h.p. only cost a very little more for the extra rating, and all inside the £200 limit. But practically every maker has a 10-h.p. or 12-h.p. car to offer the public to-day, so that in price categories

[Continued overleaf.]

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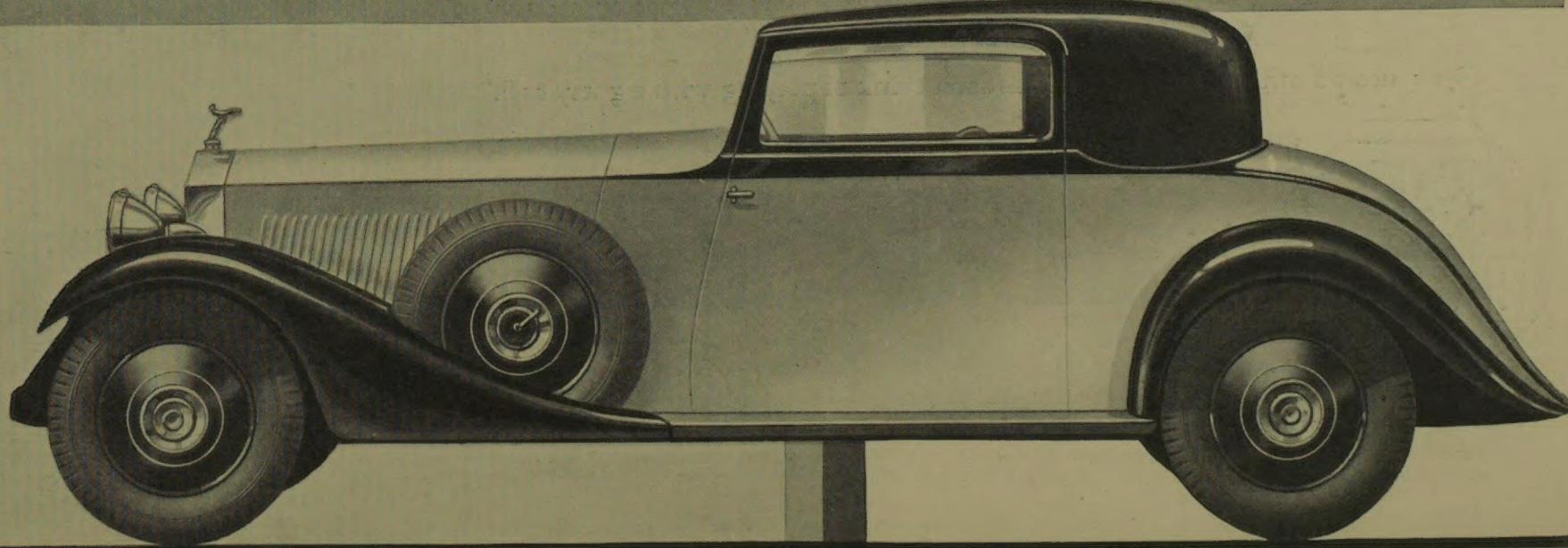
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ranging from above £200 to £350 we find 10-h.p.-rated carriages available to the purchaser, such as the Lagonda, Lanchester, Crossley, Rover, and Peugeot (in France), give their respective clientèle this rating as well as larger carriages.

Above £250 but under £300, one can buy to-day cars of 20-h.p. rating and 15-h.p. and 16-h.p. saloons in many different makes. The lowest-rated car in this class is the 9-h.p. Riley at £298, but it is probably one of the fastest in the £300 limit. Freak cars, however, are not in evidence this year from British factories. True, there is the rear-engined Crossley and front independent springing of the new Sunbeam, but, while a little unusual to common practice, they have nothing very freakish in their application. In France, independent wheel-springing is gaining more adherents than in England. No doubt our motor manufacturers will await the evidence collected by our friends in that country before adopting any alteration of their own chassis, especially as our roads get better and better and suspension problems lessen.

The newest case we have in Great Britain to the "unusual" car is the new Hayes automatic transmission available on the 16-h.p. Austin for an extra £40. Frankly, I would not pay it, as I am quite satisfied with the Austin standard transmission. But some of my women readers do write me that gear-changing is still a bogey to them. Well, then, here is their chance of buying a car which does all its gear-changing to suit the strength of the engine to overcome its varying pulling strains without the driver having to use a gear-lever to effect a lower or higher gear-ratio and to suit the conditions of road gradient and speed desired by the driver. I write these lines before I have taken my promised run in this Hayes-transmission Austin car, so will defer further remarks to a subsequent article.

In former days one recognised individual makes of motor carriages by a glance at their radiators.

Alas! all, or nearly all, the old "faces" in front of the bonnet are gone, and now that new ones have replaced them, we have to re-learn the outlines all afresh. In fact, I find it is better to look at the back axles to recognise a make, as these seem to have changed least of all of the outward and visible parts of the modern motor. All the new radiators are so much alike that, but for a mascot, name-plate, or type of shutter or stone-guard in front, one differs very little from another. Price category seems to have small influence on the radiator to-day, so that a £600 or £700 car of class has much the same type of water-cooler in appearance as the popular £250 motor.

In the £600 class, the new Talbots at £645 for the "95" saloon have a distinctive radiator keeping somewhat to the old Talbot design, but modernised so as not to look old-fashioned. I believe, in regard to Talbots, the "65" special saloon listed at £425 was the best-seller in that class at Olympia during the Show, and thoroughly deserved its success. But mentioning the Exhibition reminds me that I saw no car exhibited equipped with heaters or foot-warmers for the passengers in the saloons—a detail invariably found on the U.S.A. private cars—and this year we are threatened with a very severe and cold winter. I advise my friends to fit a heater on their old cars and so be in comfort later on, especially as these can now be bought to be warmed by the circulating water of engine and radiator.

Many of our readers will no doubt be interested in the details of some concise reports from the wine-growing districts of Europe, communicated to us by Messrs. Hedges and Butler, of Regent Street, the famous wine merchants. The 1933 port vintage, we are told, is very promising. In fact, it will be an exceptional year; and in the whole of the Douro

Valley the grapes gathered are in the most healthy condition. Hot and dry weather has been favourable to the champagne vintage; and though crops are expected to be below the average in quantity, the wine this year should be of the highest quality. In the Bordeaux country fine weather has favoured the gathering of the grapes; the red-wine growers are reported to be very satisfied with the quality of the 1933 vintage; but again quantity will probably be less than usual. This last is also true of the 1933 Burgundy vintage. Both Cognac and Madeira are expected to be up to the average; while Rhine wines, on the whole, promise to be above the average in quality. Taken in all, it is a very fine year.

We have received from the British Museum a number of their Christmas cards and other coloured reproductions suitable for Christmas gifts. Of those newly issued we would specially select the "Beatus Page from the Psalter of the St. Omer Family" for unstinted praise. This is reproduced the actual size of the original in booklet form; and the beauty of its detail and its gay colouring have been admirably caught. In addition, those parts representing the gold leaf have been slightly embossed, so that none of the richness of the effect is lost. There are, besides, in booklet form, reproductions of such notable masterpieces as the picture of the Tower of London in a fourteenth-century Flemish illumination in a manuscript of the poems of Charles of Orleans; and "The States of Good Souls," from the Sainte Abbaye. There are reproductions of Indian and Persian paintings; reproductions of Saxton's famous Elizabethan maps of the Counties of England are now available in colour; and there is the well-known series of beautiful post-cards, which has again been added to this year. Full lists can be obtained, free, on application to the Director, the British Museum, W.C.1; where, of course, all are on sale.

"I am as plain a woman golfer—

as ever held up  a men's foursome.  Anyway, it was

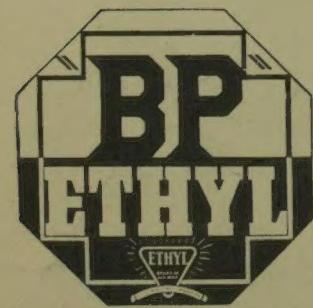
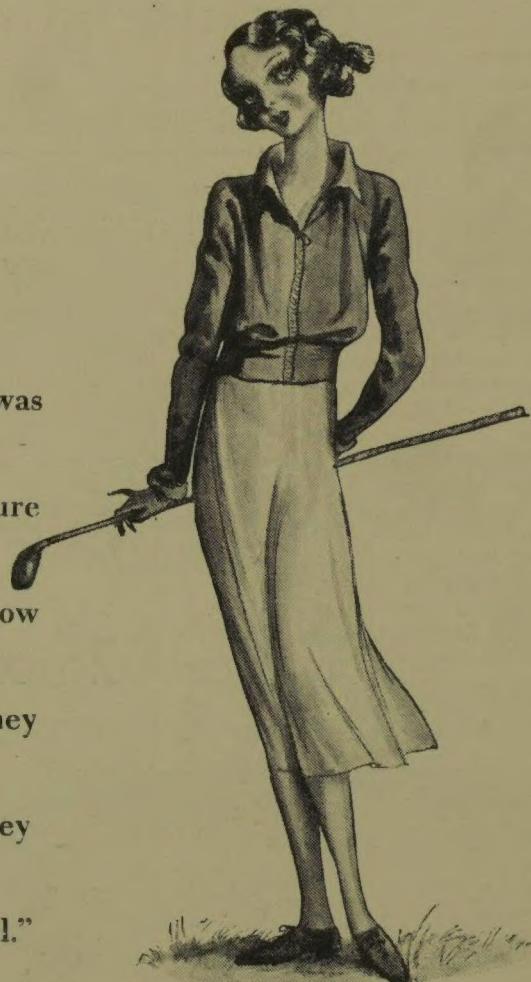
rude to shout  "Use "BP" Ethyl, and tread on it." I am sure

it is against the rules to tread  on your ball, and anyhow

my name isn't Ethel. But they explained  afterwards they

meant that special kind of Ethyl that has British petrol in it; they

use no other . . . they would as soon think of playing with a gutty ball."



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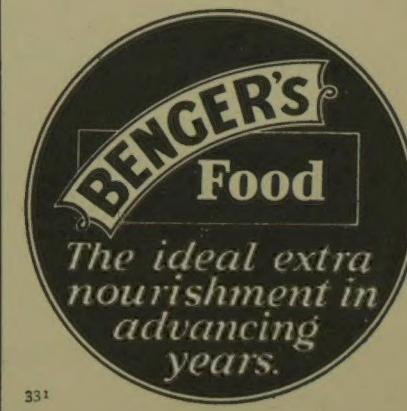
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